TWICE UPON A TIME
(the Rushers of Din)

An original screenplay
for an animated feature

by
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Din, Frivoli and the Murk

1. EXTERIOR CITY - NIGHT

FADE IN:

A full moon silhouettes a cat walking silently along a fence top. The camera moves over it toward the dark window of a house.

The titles of the film are superimposed as we move slowly through the following scenes. Prefacing each different bedroom will be an exterior shot or camera motion to make the location clear.

2. INTERIOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inside, a hanging space ship model is passed as if we are in one ourselves. Moving around an illuminated fish bowl, we find a bed occupied by an 8-year-old BOY. He sleeps soundly, even with his covers askew.

3. INTERIOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

From a fuzzy slipper on the floor, the camera moves up to a 13-year-old GIRL sleeping with her hair in curlers. Behind her are teen-idol posters, a giant stuffed dog, and a mirror holding snapshots along the rim.

4. INTERIOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Panning around another room, we see a plush rocker with doilies on the arms, a covered birdcage, and an old-fashioned alarm clock. An ELDERLY MAN and WOMAN sleep in a four-poster bed, hugging like spoons. The woman has long, white braids, and the man beside her snores wheezily through his toothless mouth. On his bedside table is a pair of dentures, magnified in a glass of water.

5. INTERIOR COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Looking down from the ceiling, a mound of blankets breathes over a MAN whose head and feet protrude from opposite ends of the bed. The walls are covered with some great "finds"

such as a street "yield" sign, bumper stickers, and sports photos.

6. INTERIOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

An open book is face down over an expensive bedspread. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN sleeps, propped up on three pillows. The light from a small tensor lamp is reflected off his glasses, still perched on his nose.

His WIFE sleeps with her back to him, hugging her pillow. They occupy a king-size bed and each has a bed table with electric blanket controls.

7. INTERIOR BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As the last credit fades, we go back to the first bedroom and find something has changed. A tiny, dark SHAPE bounces over the sleeping boy and we hear a miniature giggle, child-like, yet strange.

A fireworks of colorful sparkles gently explodes and drifts over the boy's head. He smiles and stretches as a circus calliope is heard fading in.

8. INTERIOR MIDDLE AGED COUPLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another tiny shadow bounces away before we can see it clearly. Then, a twinkle animates the face of the middle-aged man, as another dream balloon splashes open to the ringing of cash registers, clink of coins.

Soon after, the woman beside him is lit in a champagne glow as corks pop and crystal glasses are toasted. She hugs her pillow tighter, and smiles softly.

9. INTERIOR COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

As the college student sleeps, a dream glitters and dissolves over him bringing crowd cheers, running feet. He swings his arm over his head and turns on his back grinning.

10. INTERIOR OLD COUPLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Colors drift down over the old woman who smiles as she hears accordion music from the old country. The sound of jingling sleigh bells and horse hooves in the snow swirl around the old man, mingling with the music.

11. INTERIOR TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reflections drift over the girl's face as a rock concert crashes to an end with whistles and applause that fade away. She smiles for a beat, then rolls over and curls up.

Suddenly, through the open window, an ominous VULTURE flies in, clutching a small, black bomb. The bomb drops on the pillow above the girl's head and explodes into green and purple smoke. Nightmarish laughter and sound effects make the girl toss and turn.

Then, anguished squeaks and sounds of a miniature struggle are heard off-screen. As the camera pans to the noise, a small, dream balloon bursts and falls useless on the floor.

The vulture glides out the window. Silhouetted against the moon, it carries a wiggling speck in its talon, as the teen-aged girl finally screams out loud and thrashes around in her sleep.

12. EXTERIOR STREET

The vulture swoops through the eerie stillness, joined by several others. A tiny figure in a pointed cap appears on the ground. It is GREENSLEEVES, the Dream Deliverer of Din. He calls out in a well-worn Irish accent.

GREENIE
Come back here, ya great, oily, beaky, black-hearted buzzards! Drop that Fig! Ya got another one!

The vultures slide into the shadow of a telephone pole thrown against a brick wall, but they don't come out the other side of the shadow.

GREENIE (cont.)
Damn ya Botch! Another dream undelivered. It's gettin' outa hand.

13. INTERIOR MURKWORKS WAR ROOM

A squadron of dead-eyed vultures flies out of the dark horizon. All that can be heard is an occasional wing flap and wind noise.

As the camera begins to pull back into a room, an odd cackling laughter is heard and we see the shot has been the point of view of BOTCH, an obese despot. His jack-in-the-boxish jack-of-all-trades, SCUZZBOPPER, is by his odorous side. They are standing by a complicated set of production graphs and charts. Many names are listed and their output marked beside them. The most productive is Rudy.

BOTCH
Good going Dasher! Keep it up Prancer! Ah, Rudy, you dream boat! You've got two!

Botch talks into an old-fashioned P.A. system.

BOTCH (cont.)
Good work, Minions! It's spoiled sir-loin for the whole gang!
(to himself)
Ah yes...gotta keep them happy.

Botch adds checks beside the appropriate names.

Out of a greasy, garbage can pops RATATOOIE, Botch's pampered pet rat/armadillo, his cheeks bulging with "goodies." A beat. He burps. This is disgusting.

Botch studies the charts. Ratty skittles over to him and Botch picks him up to cuddle. Scuzz turns green.

BOTCH (cont.)
It's not enough Ratatooie. Why is it never enough?

SCUZZ
Uh, can I go now? I just stole the seven basic plots and I'd like to get to work on 'em.

Botch interrupts.

BOTCH
(to Ratty)
Ah, there's never enough time for the really good things in life, is there my precious?

Ratty slurps Botch's face in agreement.

SCUZZ
Oh, time for me to get outa here...

BOTCH
(interrupting)
No, no, never enough time. You know what the problem is with nightmares?

SCUZZ
Hackneyed plots.

BOTCH
No!

SCUZZ
Chiché characters.

BOTCH
No, idiot! I work, I slave day and night and still I can't get ahead!! The Rushers of Din use up my nightmares as fast as I can make them!

SCUZZ
Greedy swine.

BOTCH
Not enough time, I tell you.

SCUZZ
No time...

BOTCH
Time...

He's drifting, he's maybe...yes, he is! Botch is getting an idea! A light bulb appears over his head. He cowers at the light. Scuzz turns it off.

BOTCH (cont.)
Time...time...what does time mean to you?

SCUZZ
Uh, vacation?

Scuzz, nervous at the crazy glint in Botch's eyes, tries to slip out. Botch grabs him.

BOTCH
No, no...

SCUZZ
(hopeful)
Time for my Tolstoy tribute?

Scuzz shakes a sheaf of papers at him, but Botch ignores him, staring off into space.

BOTCH
No! Time for more nightmares!! Bigger, better, blacker nightmares! More powerful, sleeker, more fuel-efficient, louder, scarier, wilder, longer, juicier!!!

Botch laughs fiendishly. Scuzz has been looking on quizzically through this outburst. Finally, he breaks in.

SCUZZ
Maybe you should sit down, Boss...

BOTCH
I figure out how to crush my competition and monopolize the market all in one fell swoop, and you want me to SIT DOWN??!!

A beat.

BOTCH (cont.)
I think I'll sit down.

Botch sits on the Royal Throne, an ermine and velvet-covered toilet.

BOTCH (cont.)
I don't have time to get ahead, right?!

SCUZZ
So?

BOTCH
So, I stop time!!

SCUZZ
Stop time?! How can you stop time?

BOTCH
Easy! Listen to the simplicity of the perfect plan. All someone has to do is snatch the spring from the clock and bring it here to me!!

SCUZZ
(backing off)
Sure, that'll work, if you can find someone, someplace dumb enough to risk their necks in Din.
(fading off)
I wouldn't go. Ratty wouldn't go, he's not that dumb. I mean he's not dumb, but...

14. INTERIOR ELEVATOR

From the grime and grease of Botch's castle, we cut to a totally different environment. We are inside an elevator, all white and pink and blue. Against its storybook symmetry the two passengers stand out already as oddballs with bolder colors, angular shapes.

One is a thin man with a large nose and small moustache, wearing a top hat and tuxedo, and a large, red heart on his chest. His name is MUMFORD--or MUM, to his friends.

Actually, that should be "friend," singular--the creature standing next to him watching the floor numbers pass. It is an animal like no other we've ever seen. It has the ears of a koala bear, a face which is a cross between a tiger and a dog, and a pair of wings tucked into its sides. It is wearing horn-rimmed spectacles that tend to slip down on its nose. This is RALPH, THE ALL-PURPOSE ANIMAL.

They both hold teacups. Ralph produces a small book and thumbs through it.

RALPH
Eel, elk, elephant...yeah, elephant. That could work.

Mum shrugs, meaning, "Not a bad idea."

RALPH (cont.)
(reading)
To engage elephant mode, first put trunk into action, then...

The elevator stops at a small pool of water. Ralph gets a funny look on his face and then sprouts an elephant trunk!

RALPH (cont.)
Got it!

Mum dips his cup in the water. Ralph tosses his aside as he fills his trunk.

RALPH (cont.)
(very nasal)
This ought to do it.

As they step back into the elevator Mum drinks his cup of water. The doors close, and the floor indicator moves quickly from "BOTTOM" to "TOP."

15. EXTERIOR FIELDS OF FRIVOLI - DAY

Many Dutch-style windmills turn lazily against a sky of cotton candy-pink clouds. Ralph and Mumford step into a line of other teacup-bearing Frivolians moving through a door at the base of a foreground windmill. They stand out at once as obvious misfits.

Widening out, we see a patchwork quilt of gardens, all different colors, growing different crops. In the distance is a huge flower-mountain whose petals enclose a tiny village.

The place is so clean, bright and storybook-like, it makes Disneyland seem like a slum. It's name, as we see on the gate to the village, is "Frivoli--Home of the Original Sweet Dream." Spun sugar and non-stop nice.

SONG #1: The entire population is singing a song, in fact, about just how nice everything is here. It may take the form of a Frivolian National Anthem--very chauvinistic and self-satisfied. It is done in a question-and-answer style, using the catch phrase "dream on."

The visuals of this first big production number, will play all the inconsistencies of their "system" against the lyrics.

Planting is done by rows of Frivolians marching in intricate, half-time drill patterns and watering is accomplished by other teacup-bearing hoards.

Plants grow, blossom and fruit immediately. High, unreachable fruits are picked by very short people stacked one on top of the other.

These columns, swaying like drunken caterpillars on their hind legs, allow the man on top to pick a piece of fruit.

Fields of low-lying vegetables are picked by the tallest Frivolians, one grasping another by the feet and holding him upside down to put his head at ground level.

All the while, they sing like Uncle Remus field hands, happy and content, knowing that this day and every other will be exactly, cookie-cutter, the same.

After one verse of the song, we end on a pan of assembly-line action by a row of smiling Frivolians, each dumping his little teacup of water onto a plant.

Ralph and Mum are among them. Mum tips his to pour, but it's empty.

RALPH
(nasal)
That's okay.

WHOOSH! He unloads half a trunkload on Mum's plant and then turns to water his own. A FOREMAN runs toward them screaming.

FOREMAN
Stop that! Stop it!

Distracted, Ralph looks up, and sprays the water in his trunk directly onto the foreman.

FOREMAN (cont.)
(dripping)
CAN'T YOU TWO DO <u>ANYTHING</u> RIGHT?!

Ralph's trunk disappears.

RALPH
Sorry...

FOREMAN
(catching himself)
I mean...it really would be <u>lovely</u> if you could follow orders. Wouldn't it be <u>nice</u> if I gave you something to do and it got done? That would be...
(getting his breath)
...that would make me very happy. You don't make me very happy.

FOREMAN (cont.)
Come along. I will make a present of you to someone else, and let you try to make him happy.

He says all of this with a very large, very strained smile.

RALPH
But...

SONG #2: Ralph and Mum now launch into a second verse of Song #1. To the same tune, Ralph applies reversed lyrics about the "logic" of Frivoli, and the overbearing smugness of it all.

Mum, mime that he is, cannot sing, but dances, acts out, and plays the percussion section of the number, utilizing any gourd, barrel or head that will make noise.

Their rendition is frank, funny and even touching--but for the wrong audience. At the finale, they arrive at the Dreamery.

FOREMAN
Here we'll find just the job for you two.

16. INTERIOR DREAMERY

Mum, Ralph and the Foreman are on the ground floor of a kitchen several stories high, with platforms, stairways and landings everywhere. Cooks and cook's helpers are scurrying around combining exotic vegetables, fruits and Dream Beans with pie crusts and pastry which are being baked in ovens on all sides of them. Everything is very spic and span as the Frivolian workers go about their dream-making tasks.

As we pan a counter of gorgeous high-rise cakes and shimmering confections, snatches of sound effects emanate from the various concoctions. The camera follows as they are shoved into an oven and emerge as round colorful sparkles. The fresh-baked dreams are immediately tossed into a bag for delivery to Din.

There is a very definite hierarchy here, and the COOKS nearby are especially condescending.

COOK #1
(as Ralph and Mum pass)
Well, look who's here.

COOK #2
Come to help, have we? How lucky we are.

COOK #1
Come to get our daily demotion, more like it.

They laugh.

COOK #1 (cont.)
Doesn't that ridiculous animal take the cake!

Hearing this, Ralph turns red and tries to be as inconspicuous as possible.

However, Mum takes a scrub brush from a bucket and throws it at them. Ralph sticks his head in the bucket like an ostrich, sure that this act of rebellion will bring even more wrath down upon them.

The brush misses the cooks, bounces off a pan, and hops into a batter being prepared by another cook. He explodes and yells at them.

COOK #3
You idiots! Imbeciles! Mor-
(catching himself)
...I hope you will remember in the future that a soft, pleasant dream is not improved by the flavor of a scrub brush. Not improved. Not improved at all. No...

Mum sticks out his tongue at the sniggering cooks as Ralph pulls him away.

17. INTERIOR DREAMERY - PANTRY OF POMP

The two friends are brought before the UNDER SECRETARY OF CIRCUMSTANCE. He sits on a very tall stool, very official, very officious.

FOREMAN
Excuse me, Sir. Something must be done with these two.

UNDER SEC.
Again?

FOREMAN
There must be a job for them.

UNDER SEC.
(he wonders)
A job...

The two officials pace, deep in thought. Mum walks behind them imitating their walk. As they turn on cue, Mum doesn't. A head-on results.

UNDER SEC. (cont.)
I've got it!

RALPH
What?

UNDER SEC.
It's perfect!!

He produces a large, executive-order seal, stamps several documents, shuffles them and stacks them.

UNDER SEC. (cont.)
The Garbagery!!

The foreman smiles. A beat.

RALPH
Ah, where's that...

FOREMAN
Right this way.

18. INTERIOR DREAMERY

As they walk back through the great kitchen, suddenly, from the entrance door comes a cry. "Messenger coming! Messenger coming!" At this, a general hub-bub arises.

Everyone leaves whatever they are doing and clears a path. The heroes are dumbfounded by this behavior and stand gawking in the deserted center of the kitchen.

A swish pan to the entrance of the Dreamery. It gives us a composition much like the entrance to an Olympic stadium at the end of the marathon run. All eyes are on that opening. A trumpeter blows a fanfare.

RALPH
Jeez, what's going on? What is it?

VOICE
It is I, Flora Fauna!!

Finally, she emerges. FLORA has the face of a flower and a rather pretty one. Her body is long, sinewy and green, but her legs culminate in two rather large feet wearing Adidas-like running shoes.

She is short of breath, but puts on her final sprint as she weaves through the kitchen. As she bears down on the heroes, they finally snap out of their trance and scramble to get out of the way, too late.

FLORA (cont.)
Whoops!

RALPH
Oh, sorry! Be careful! Look out!

Their collision turns the rest of Flora's kitchen crossing into part falling, part sliding, part bouncing off things. The accompanying domino effect involves all kinds of mixing bowls, tables, pastry trays, etc.

Ralph and Mumford are smitten. They've never seen such beauty, such grace under pressure. They feel an instant rapport with this long-stemmed lovely.

Mumford's heart sprouts little wings and he lifts off the ground. Ralph's jaw drops noticeably as he gazes, but he tries to pull Mum down to earth.

19. INTERIOR CHEF OF STATE'S KITCHEN CABINET

Flora's sliding approach, through the CHEF OF STATE'S open door, ends in a graceful ballet pose at the edge of his desk.

The Chef has been watching the proceedings with a kindly smile sitting behind a huge, white-enameled stove-desk. He is very "hale fellow, well met," totally ignoring any problems.

CHEF OF STATE
Bravo, Ms. Fauna! Wonderful! Your dancing is superb!

FLORA
And...I can act.
(in mock-Shakespearean)
I bring tidings to the Chef of State.
(she curtsies)
Another message from Din. Something of great import. It has that look of Din about it, that feel of Din, and...
(back to normal)
I fell all over myself getting it here.

CHEF OF STATE
(oblivious)
Smashing!

FLORA
(equally oblivious)
Yes, smashing, crashing...I'm afraid I broke a few things.

CHEF OF STATE
Of course! Of course! How are you?

FLORA
(flattered)
Fine! My acting lessons are going well. I'm finding my true voice now. Ah, don't you want to read the letter?

CHEF OF STATE
Of course!

He still doesn't take the message.

FLORA
Would you like to read this?

CHEF OF STATE
Surely! No reason to hurry, child.

He takes the piece of paper.

FLORA
I hope it's good news.

CHEF OF STATE
I'm sure it is, my dear. What other kind of news is there? It's great fun to get messages, isn't it? I should send them to myself!

He unfolds the paper.

FLORA
Is it from my Uncle Greenie? Is he okay?

CHEF OF STATE
Magnificent!

FLORA
Does he ask about me? Does he know about my career? Is Din as awful as it sounds??

CHEF OF STATE
Yes, my dear, couldn't be better!!!

He crumples up the paper and tosses it into a large waste basket!

FLORA
Will there be a reply?

CHEF OF STATE
Not necessary, Ms. Fauna, thank you so much. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

She exits still concerned, her questions unanswered.

FLORA
(aside)
Why am I not believing this man?

Greenie and the Figs

20. INTERIOR THE GARBAGERY

It is the collecting place for all Frivolian trash. A door opens and Flora enters warily. As the door closes it triggers a recorded message. Flora stifles a startled shriek as the sweet, droning voice says:

RECORDING
Welcome to the Garbagery! Just follow the happy feet.

Flora tiptoes down the aisle painted with footprints and lined with signs to a large barrel marked "Kitchen Cabinet."

FLORA
(holding her nose)
Something is not quite right...got to find that note.

She climbs up the side of the barrel. Suddenly, the door opens and closes and the message resounds again through the echoey room.

RECORDING
Welcome to the Garbagery! Just follow the happy feet.

FLORA
(with a start)
Oh, my gosh!

She looks for a place to hide as footsteps approach. Having no other choice, Flora dives headfirst into the garbage.

Ralph and Mum enter. Ralph stops to read all the signs that give garbage dumping instructions; Mum is occupied with learning the dance steps on the floor. Ralph pushes a button next to an instruction sign.

RECORDING
Empty little buckets into big barrel. Put big barrel in cart. Push cart far away.

RALPH
Far away? How far?

RECORDING
Far, far, far away.

RALPH
But where?

RECORDING
Keep going. You'll know when you get there.

RALPH
Oh.

Mum, who has been Arthur Murraying down the aisles with a mop, now ends his tango with a low bow. As he stands up next to Ralph, he sniffs and quickly pinches a clothespin over his nose.

RALPH (cont.)
Yeah...it stinks.

21. EXTERIOR THE GARBAGERY

The doors open and the garbage cart emerges, Mum and Ralph pushing it along. Nearby Frivolians turn the other way and hold their noses.

22. A MORE DESOLATE LANDSCAPE

The pastel colors of the gardens disappear into the bleak edge of No-Man's Land. They start down a hill and as the cart picks up speed, they jump on it enjoying the ride. The cart goes faster and faster--it's out of control! They tear down the hill and BLAM! Trash over teakettle, they land in a heap at the bottom. Flora's head pops up and a last bit of crumpled paper falls into her hand.

FLORA
Hello. What's this?

Ralph's head pops out of the mess beside her.

RALPH
(depressed)
It's...garbage.

Then, realizing it's the girl of his dreams, Ralph becomes a bit flustered.

RALPH (cont.)
Ms. Fauna! Hello! I'm Ralph, this is Mum. What's a lovely flower like you doing in the garbage?!

FLORA
The message!

Mum pops up with a whole fistful and fans them out like a canasta deck.

FLORA (cont.)
"Low on Figs. Send help or all is lost!
--G.S."

Mum watches Flora with a dreamy smile.

RALPH
Figs?

FLORA
Greenie's in trouble!

RALPH
Greenie?

FLORA
Greensleeves! He delivers our dreams to the Rushers of Din--<u>and</u> he's my uncle besides!

RALPH
Could <u>we</u> help him?

FLORA
You couldn't go to Din. Terrible things happen there.

RALPH
Really? Like what?

FLORA
Well, I'm not sure, but I know that you have to be a real hero to stay there.

RALPH
A hero? What's that? I mean, I'm just curious.

<u>SONG #3</u>

At this, Flora Fauna launches into a song about heroism--both her idea of it for herself, and for the man of her dreams. All her descriptions of crisis situations and courageous responses use the garbage and broken parts of the cart as props; for example, wearing "grapefruit" rinds for helmets, throwing "coffee" grounds for smoke.

Ralph and Mum, who aspire to the levels of glory she extolls, follow her avidly and perform as a chorus, feeding questions and

expressing admiration. Ralph sings his part and Mum interjects rhythmic and sound-effects riffs. At the end, Ralph and Mum are very intrigued by the concept.

RALPH (cont.)
We'd like to be heroes, wouldn't we Mum? Maybe we could go to Din...

23. INTERIOR MURKWORKS

The trio in the trash has become a video image. They are appearing on a television screen that is mounted on IBOR, a large robot with tank treads. Botch is sitting in front of the tube like a sports fan on a Sunday afternoon while Ratatooie chews on a chair leg. A scene from the "Sergeant Bilko" show intercuts on Ibor's screen.

BILKO
Have we got some live ones, I'll tell you.

BOTCH
Right you are, Ibor. They're perfect!

Ralph, Mum and Flora replace Bilko. They are trying to decide how to help Greenie.

RALPH
Maybe we <u>should</u> go to Din--wherever that is.

A scene from "Leave It to Beaver" replaces them.

BEAVER
That's dumb, Wally.

BOTCH
Dumb is not the word, my boy. We're talking <u>idiot</u> here. We're talking high insanity! The deep end.

A clip from the "Milton Berle Show" appears on Ibor.

CRAZY NAPOLEON
<u>I'm</u> with <u>you</u>!

Flora replaces the comedy clip.

FLORA
But it's very dangerous, and I don't know the way.

BOTCH
I know the way! I know the way! Ibor, with these nincompoops involved, Greenie won't have a Fig to stand on!! From now on, NIGHTMARE CITY!!

A scene from "Life with Elizabeth" appears on Ibor.

ANNOUNCER
Aren't you ashamed?!

Elizabeth shakes her head,"no."

BOTCH
No! I'm not ashamed. Honest, I'm not--
can't even spell the word.

As he stands up the chair falls over from Ratatooie's nibbling.

BOTCH (cont.)
Come here, my precious! We're going
for a drive. Scuzzbopper, fire up the
Murkmobile! Scuzzy!!

24. INTERIOR SCUZZ' ROOM

He sits at a giant typewriter.

BOTCH (O.S.)
Scuzz!!

SCUZZ
(calls out)
Just a minute, Boss, I'm trying to finish
a page.

25. INTERIOR MURKWORKS

Scuzz pokes his head into the room.

BOTCH
(quietly)
You finish the page, I'll have Rudy and
his friends finish <u>you</u>.

SCUZZ
(appears instantly beside Botch)
Where are we going?

BOTCH
(gagging on the word)
To the outskirts of Fri...Friv...Fr...
"the other place."

SCUZZ
Frivoli?

BOTCH
(in pain)
Ugh!

SCUZZ
Bright Frivoli?

BOTCH
Arrgh!

SCUZZ
Shiny Frivoli? But you hate it! You never go there.

BOTCH
Ah, the mantle of responsibility.

BOTCH (cont.)
To the light, my boy! To the light, and curse the pain!

He snatches up Ratatooie and rushes out of the room with Scuzz right behind him.

The Con

26. EXTERIOR NO-MAN'S LAND

Ralph, Flora and Mum sit on separate rocks in No-Man's Land beyond Frivoli.

RALPH
This hero business--is it open to animals?

FLORA
Heroism's open to all of us--animal, vegetable or mineral. Why look at me, I'm a flower and I can do anything!

RALPH
Yes, but rocks?

FLORA
Of course, rocks! There's lots of heroic rocks--the Rock of Gibraltar...Plymouth Rock...Rock Hudson...

A lewd rumble is heard off-screen. It quickly grows to a roar that accompanies the arrival of the Murkmobile, a cross between a 1959 Cadillac Eldorado Brougham, a long, dead chicken, and a steamship's boiler. Black, smoked glass, the whole bit. Scuzzbopper is in a footman's seat in back.

Flora, Mum and Ralph are impressed. Scuzz jumps out from behind the wheel and rushes to open the door for Botch. BAM! Botch opens his own door and mashes Scuzzbopper between the door and side of the car.

FLORA (cont.)
(whistles)
Nice limo.

RALPH
Hello...

Botch comes on strong to the Frivolians, oozing his own over-ripe charm.

BOTCH
Hello and greetings, friends. Botch is the name, Synonamess Botch to one and all.

He's carrying an umbrella as a sun shade. He extends his hand to Mumford. Instead of shaking it, Mum answers with a "raspberries" horn.

RALPH
Mum! Where are your manners?

Mum looks around innocently as if searching for them, but he instinctively keeps his distance from Botch and company.

RALPH (cont.)
Don't mind Mum. He's a bit...a bit unpredictable at times. This is Ms. Flora Fauna.

Flora curtsies.

FLORA
Enchanté.

BOTCH
Ah, sweet flower of youth...

He kisses her hand gallantly.

RALPH
And I'm Ralph. I'm an All-Purpose Animal.

BOTCH
You don't say!

RALPH
Yes, I do! I'm the only one.

Ratatooie climbs out of the car. He begins sorting through the garbage, eating the delectable morsels.

BOTCH
(getting confidential)
I couldn't help but overhear your talk about our mutual friend, Greensleeves. Distressing, isn't it?

FLORA
You know my uncle?!! You're <u>friends</u>?

BOTCH
Colleagues, actually. We work in very similar fields.

RALPH
(motioning to Mum)
We used to work in the fields, but we got transferred to garbage.

BOTCH
How nice for you.

FLORA
I was just explaining what a hero my uncle has become.

BOTCH
Hero, indeed! Top notch! Got problems these days though. Time is his real problem. Never enough of it.

RALPH
Really? Huh. Why not?

BOTCH
The Rushers of Din. They keep multiplying on him. They're a strange breed. Believe me, I know.

RALPH
You do?

BOTCH
(snickering)
Uh-huh, I'm very big in dreams. Horribly big.

RALPH
Gee, I'm sorry...I've never heard of you.

BOTCH
See there! You work in dreams, you talk to one of the largest producers of dreams today, and you don't even know it. No time.

Flora perks up.

FLORA
Producer?

BOTCH
Why don't you join me at tea and I'll tell you all about it.

Mum tries to warn them not to go.

RALPH
We'd like to, but we have to take out the trash.

BOTCH
No problem!

He gestures broadly with his arms. They look around. The camera pulls back to a wide shot. All the garbage is gone. Ratatooie is munching on the last bit. He burps.

BOTCH (cont.)
Excuse yourself, you naughty, naughty little sweetie! Come, come along now, off we go!

He ushers them into the Murkmobile. Scuzzbopper has the door open.

BOTCH (O.S.) (cont.)
Home Scuzz! Scuzzy!!

The driverless machine roars to life, grinds into gear and rumbles away toward Botch's castle. As it leaves, we hear a honk from Mum's bulb horn, and see him look out the back window.

27. EXTERIOR MURKWORKS - PERPETUAL OVERCAST

Botch has erected a giant stage flat in front of the Murkworks that changes its character to one of tattered, princely splendor. The Murkmobile roars through the gate.

28. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CASTLE - VARIOUS ROOMS

The full scope and utter sleaziness of this punk-rock-castle-factory will come across in visuals of his tour. Home sweet home in a house of horrors.

Flora is caught up in the theatrical glamour of it all. Ralph is trying to be open-minded--like a professor visiting an S & M bar.

BOTCH
It isn't much, but a man's castle is his home after all. Sweet, don't you think?

RALPH
Charming...

FLORA
This is really...something.

BOTCH
I'm really proud of everything I've done to this place. Well, I don't mean to fish for compliments, but uh...

RALPH
It's darling.

BOTCH
When I moved in, it was just walls and floors. Let me open the door here. Just take a quick glance, it's my stuffed rat collection.

FLORA
Very unusual.

BOTCH
Okay, let's go down the hall now. Come on, I wanna show you something really nice.

As they pass a collection of armor, Mum stops to inspect a metal suit in the shape of a dog. He lifts the face mask and pokes his head inside, but the upper visor falls down on his neck. He sounds his alarm.

FLORA
Mum!

Ralph runs over to free him.

BOTCH
Let him have a good time. That's what this house is for!
(to Mum with toothy smile)
But don't disturb the dust, okay?

Botch turns and walks on showing Flora the points of interest. Mum pulls a sign from his hat that reads, "kick me" and moves toward Botch's retreating backside. Ralph grabs him before he can affix the bumper sticker.

RALPH
Mum, c'mon!
(whispering)
You've got to keep an open mind. He seems like a nice man.

BOTCH
Now, here's my bat head collection. These are natural. Nothing done to them. You just chop 'em off and nail 'em to the wall.

FLORA
Eeeeeeeew!

BOTCH
Here's one that's got a smile, look at that. It's my favorite.

RALPH
Looks like my Aunt Lorraine.

BOTCH
Okay, you've seen most of the house. Come downstairs for the piece of resistance, the screening room. I wanna show you some pictures, come on.

FLORA
Screening room? Pictures?!

RALPH
Wow! I'm excited.

19. INTERIOR ROYAL SCREENING ROOM

The lights are very dim, except for one shining directly at us from the center of an antique, smoky, magic lantern. Ralph, Mum and Flora are sunk in plush chairs sipping their tea as Scuzz serves from an ornate pewter tea set.

Botch operates the slide show while the threesome watch.

BOTCH
Now these slides may be a little out of date, but you'll get the idea. Gentlemen and Lady--here is Din!

Botch projects the first lantern slide. It shows a quaint view of something like downtown Omaha in 1910. A few pedestrians, a horse and buggy and two early cars.

RALPH
It looks very nice. Are they friendly?

BOTCH
Oh, they're okay generally, but they do have a lot on their minds.

The slide changes to a view of a single street.

RALPH
Mum, will you pass the popcorn, please..

BOTCH
Notice the store on the corner.

A pawn shop is shown, with the three-ball trademark outside.

BOTCH (cont.)
Let me see if I have a slide of the inside...

Instead of the interior, an ancient and ridiculous nude is projected, a pre-French postcard.

FLORA
(with a gasp)
Ah!

BOTCH
Oh, ho, ho! You didn't see that, okay?

RALPH
What was that?

BOTCH
(pulling it quickly)
Just a screen test. I used to dabble in the theater.

FLORA
I'm an actress...

BOTCH
(unimpressed)
Are you? Anyway, here's the clock.

RALPH
That's a clock?

BOTCH
It's the clock, and all you have to do is lift out the spring and bring it to me.

FLORA
I can dance.

BOTCH
Good for you. It's so simple. We'll all be in your debt...eternally. Just think...

On cue, a slide of the Lindbergh parade pops up. They are agog at the scale of it, but Flora is still angling for an audition.

FLORA
(interrupting)
I can sing...

BOTCH
Heroes!

FLORA
I can throw my voice.

BOTCH
Throw it somewhere else. Your name on every pair of lips, your picture in all the papers! What do you say?

Even Mum's resistance has been weakened by the scene of glory.

RALPH
Well, I...we'd like to...to help, but...

Botch jumps up from his chair.

BOTCH
Good!! I knew you had the stuff of heroes! Here's the map, "X" marks the spot. Lights!

They all get up.

BOTCH (cont.)
Camera!

Ibor rolls in, with their video image on his screen.

BOTCH (cont.)
Action!

30. INTERIOR CASTLE HALLWAY

He hustles them all to an ornate pneumatic tube cum elevator. Flora and Mum hold back as Botch leads on confiding in Ralph.

BOTCH
Listen, I know I can trust you with this mission. You're a born leader, Ralph. Of course, you know the importance of secrecy in these matters.

RALPH
Oh, yes. Heroes always have secrets they must keep.

BOTCH
Heh, heh. Exactly! No matter who asks.

Mum has caught up with Ralph, but Flora is studying a murky portrait on the wall. It's a young version of Botch as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." As she gazes at the face, the eyes are replaced by a real pair. She screams in fright.

FLORA
Aaaaaaaa!!!!

BOTCH
(with a gasp)
You're an actress!

They hurry over to her. She's pointing to the picture, gesticulating, unable to speak. Botch ushers her away from the scene of the accident with a fatherly air.

BOTCH (cont.)
What pathos! What beauty! The creme de la scream!

FLORA
Me? But I...

BOTCH
You are the genuine article! You make me proud to be a producer.

FLORA
I tried to tell you I was in show business.

BOTCH
I am show business. And you--are talent. Think what magic we could bring to the theater.

Flora is thinking just that.

FLORA
Gee, I...

BOTCH
I see you in a one-woman show! Out of town!

A thought balloon forms above each. Flora sees a perfect picture--bouquets falling at her feet while she graciously accepts the audience adulation. Botch sees it a bit differently--Flora on the rack, slowly being stretched into fettucine.

FLORA
Me, a one-woman show? Ohhhhhh!!!!!! Woe is me!

RALPH
What's wrong?

FLORA
I've hoped and prayed for a break like this, but my uncle needs me!!

BOTCH
I need you!

FLORA
It's no use. I'll never get a chance. I'll never be an actress.

Flora begins to cry.

RALPH
(quietly)
You can stay, Flora.

FLORA
No...no...I have to go. Uncle Greenie's in trouble.

RALPH
You stay here and be an actress. Mum and I can do it together.

Her crying slows.

RALPH (cont.)
We can find an old spring, can't we, Mum?

Mum who has been crying in sympathy, shakes back his tears, nods an enthusiastic "yes" and strikes an heroic pose.

BOTCH
Of course they can! What a splendid idea!

FLORA
Oh, no. I couldn't stay.

RALPH
(sounding noble)
You must!

FLORA
Oh...
(she's tempted)
I must? Oh Ralph, are you sure?

RALPH
(striking a dramatic pose)
Yes! As sure as I have ever been about anything in my life.

FLORA
You have no idea what this means to me. Thank you so much.

She gets choked up, Ralph gets choked up, and Mum gets choked up. Botch gags. Flora runs off crying. Botch seizes the moment.

BOTCH
Ralph, Mum, you've got what it takes. Go to that clock. It's our only chance of saving Greensleeves. Go!

Just as they start to reply, he opens the ornate door of the "pneumatic tube." Mum and Ralph are sucked down the tube.

BOTCH (cont.)
(to himself)
I'm a genius.

The Clock

31. EXTERIOR STREET IN DIN - DAY

A dark, round hole in a grey wall. Ralph and Mum fall out of it. The camera pulls back to reveal that the hole is a drain pipe on the side of a modern office building. They've arrived in a live-action setting of modern madness, rush hour in a downtown business district.

The big creatures scurrying about are the Rushers of Din. Their world is black and white; Mum and Ralph are the only spots of color. They are also the only ones stunned by the noise and bedlam.

A large, black device almost runs them over (a baby carriage). As they dash for safety, dozens of feet nearly squash them. They find sanctuary under a fountain's edge. An old woman is sitting on it with her shopping bag beside her feet. She has a small dog on her lap.

Mum and Ralph are hiding behind the bag. In the deafening street noise, they have to yell to be heard.

RALPH
(shouting)
THIS CAN'T BE THE RIGHT PLACE! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE PICTURES AT ALL!

Mum looks around at the insanity, then back at Ralph. He covers his ears and nods sympathetically "yes." He pulls the map out of his hat. They look at it, then Mum points to a street sign reading, "Main Street."

RALPH (cont.)
That <u>is</u> the right name...

Mum cups his hand to his ear. Ralph yells into it.

RALPH (cont.)
I SAY IT <u>IS</u> THE RIGHT NAME!

The little dog on the old woman's lap has been attracted to the tiny figures, and it begins to bark. Mum and Ralph look up as the dog's head appears over the edge above them. It snarls

and jumps for them. They run for it. The dog stops at the end of its leash, just in time, but Ralph and Mum have dashed into the street.

Cars bear down on them, trucks and trailers with wheels the size of buildings roar by, narrowly missing them at every turn. Then, a wheel seems to run them over.

An upward view through a drainage grate reveals Ralph hanging on by his fingertips and Mum hanging onto Ralph's tail. Then from the top of the grate, we see Ralph pull himself up for a look around. A bus tire thunders by, barely missing him.

He pulls himself up again, and Mum follows. They run like mad and jump into a discarded tin can. It is knocked about by the passing traffic. Inside the can, Ralph and Mum are tossed around like feathers in a wind storm.

The can spins out of the street and stops at the feet of a wino. Mum and Ralph stagger out of the can and on down the sidewalk. The wino looks at his bottle of Ripple, then at the tiny figures walking away from him. He empties the bottle onto the sidewalk.

Further on, they duck under a mailbox and sit down, tired, frazzled, and angry.

RALPH (cont.)
Heroes, indeed! We're going to be squashed in this place. What do the Rushers of Din <u>do</u> anyway?

Mum shrugs.

RALPH (cont.)
Let's see that map again.

Mum pulls the map out of his hat and they pour over it.

32. INTERIOR MURKWORKS

The antechamber to the Murkworks factory. Botch and Flora approach a huge set of iron doors with a sign above that reads, "Murkworks--Visitors Welcome." We hear the half-hearted groans of pseudo-agony.

BOTCH
My dear, the whole company is just <u>dying</u> to meet you.

FLORA
You call that acting? They should be fired.

BOTCH
...and glazed.

Scuzzbopper and Ratatooie are waiting.

BOTCH (cont.)
Ms. Fauna, you've met my associates, now, let me introduce them to you. Ms. Fauna, this is Mr. Scuzzbopper. He's nothing.

SCUZZ
How do you do?

BOTCH
And here's my honey bucket, Ratatooie. Go ahead, pet him.

FLORA
Oh, no thanks.

Ratatooie sniffs her feet and legs like a dog at a fire hydrant. Botch shoos him away.

SCUZZ
Ms. Fauna, you are a breath of fresh air. We could make beautiful misery together.

FLORA
Misery?

BOTCH
Misery, my dear. That's our house specialty.

33. INTERIOR MURKWORKS FACTORY

Botch flings open the door and we see the foursome enter the huge sweatshop of the Murkworks nightmare factory.

It's a Hollywood parody of Dante's inferno. The captive ACTORS repeat stock-movie scare scenes, emoting appropriate screams and pleas for help which are then enfused into nightmare bombs further along the assembly line.

SONG #4

Botch and the entire company go into a paean to pain--something on the order of "Misery Makes the World Go 'Round." As Flora is led down the line of nightmare sets, each actor chimes in a line or two to play against the glorification of misery that Botch extolls. They do not share his enthusiasm.

Scuzzy also has a verse about the dramaturgy of doom and disaster, trying to slip

in his frustrations with Botch's low-brow tastes. He gets his knuckles rapped for it.

Flora is the innocent ingenue in all this, being politely interested, maybe even taking notes.

The finale recruits Flora into the routine. Her first tender, heart-felt sob gets an ovation from the jaded veterans.

34. EXTERIOR STREET IN DIN

Our heroes are still following the map. They look out at the street in front of them. The difference between Botch's lantern slides and this reality is appalling, but...there it is. A street sign reads, "First and Main," and directly across the street is the pawn shop. Three balls, windows full of junk, a bit faded, but all there. As they look over at the shop, the "walk" signal lights up.

RALPH
Oh, my gosh! Come on, Mum!

They jump on a wheeled shopping cart being pulled by a bag lady, and cross the street in relative safety. Hopping onto the sidewalk, they thread their way through more people to the door of the pawn shop, which is just closing as a customer exits.

Ralph barely makes it inside, but Mum dawdled too long. He has to jump through the mail slot.

35. INTERIOR PAWN SHOP

It's a beauty, a pawn shop of pawn shops. It's been sitting dusty and dank for who knows how long, and it's got the creme of hock, real premium pawn. A very OLD MAN is behind the counter.

RALPH
(whispers)
Back wall, upper right.

Mum points out the clock, hanging among an assortment of musical instruments, directly above a tuxedo with dusty, satin lapels.

RALPH (cont.)
That's it, we're there, almost.

A YOUNG MAN enters the pawn shop.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
Can I help you?

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
Just lookin' around.

Mum and Ralph work their way across the room, climbing over, under and through the accumulated clutter. Finally, they reach the bottom of the swinging pendulum, grab on, and shinny up into the clock.

36. INTERIOR THE CLOCK

It is not ordinary, it is cosmic. Inside, it goes on forever--a maze of fantastic cogs, gears and escapements, ticking and clicking in everchanging, polyrhythmic cadences--a Bach clock. Ralph and Mum are dumbfounded. It's magical.

RALPH
So, this is a clock! Wow. You know, this may take awhile. Do you see a spring anywhere?

Ralph is so awed, he does not notice that Mum has wandered off.

RALPH (cont.)
Mum! Where are you?!

Mum's head pops up behind a set of gears. He waves at Ralph, then begins a game of hopscotch, jumping among the turning cog-wheels. Ralph has to chase him.

RALPH (cont.)
Now cut that out! This is serious business!! We've got to find a way to stop this whole thing.

He rounds a corner to find Mum on top of a big lever with a scale behind reading, "fast" and "slow," on opposite ends. Ralph gasps.

RALPH (cont.)
Get down from there, you could fall!

Mum holds on tight.

RALPH (cont.)
Do you see it?

Mum looks into the distance like a sailor in a crow's nest. This action throws the lever off balance. It swings down quickly and bonks Ralph on the head. The lever now points to "fast."

RALPH (cont.)
Ow! I told you it was dangerous!

37. EXTERIOR CLOCK FACE

It's hand spin.

38. EXTERIOR STREET OUTSIDE THE PAWN SHOP

Traffic flies by at one frame per second. Pedestrians seem to be in walking races.

39. INTERIOR THE CLOCK

Ralph pushes the lever hard in the opposite direction, sending Mum arching across the room, landing on his head. Mum bounces back and pushes the lever the other way.

40. VARIOUS SITUATIONS IN DIN

Time alternates between fast forward and fast reverse as we see a building at a demolition site fall and reconstruct itself; flowers opening and closing; a diver leap into the water, then return to the board.

In fast reverse a snail zips backward; a grounded parachutist lifts back into the air.

In slow-motion reverse, a pole vaulter lunges backward over the goal; a cooking pancake returns to the ladle as liquid.

Then we see an overweight jogger and bicycle messenger take off like a shot.

Going even faster, people squeeze into a subway train; a ballet looks like a wrestling match; a boy rides a frantic pogo stick; clock hands spin; clouds rush by; suns rise and set.

Then time sticks in a stop-shudder action. A tennis player swings at a ball, but jerks to a stop before hitting it; a child in a swing is stopped in mid-air.

Then, continuing in slow-motion forward, a glass slowly shatters; an excercise class performs painfully slow jumping jacks.

41. INTERIOR PAWN SHOP

The young man in the shop pulls a gun out of his pocket in slow motion. The old man behind the counter recoils in horror.

42. INTERIOR THE CLOCK

As Mum and Ralph fight over the lever, it comes off in their hands. We hear the sound of a mainspring unwinding deep in the mechanism.

43. VARIOUS SCENES IN DIN

The Rushers are now frozen in place; a parade, an office party, a backyard barbeque, a city street, the young man pointing a gun at the pawnbroker.

All the Rushers are locked in a moment, like gray statues. Their different expressions reveal their great variety of motion and emotion. There is an eerie silence throughout Din.

44. EXTERIOR FRIVOLI

The windmills slow down.

45. INTERIOR MURKWORKS

Botch sits on his throne stroking Ratatooie, his quiet laughter echoes through the empty hall.

46. INTERIOR THE CLOCK

The stillness is deafening. Then the SPRING falls at the heroes' feet. They look down. It's about their size, but has a glowing aura. Tightly wound for millenniums, now it pulses quickly and glows and hums oddly. Its pulsing becomes irregular, slows and then stops, stock-still. It seems dead.

RALPH
Gee...that was easy. We're as good as heroes!

They reach down to pick it up. It responds with a weak hum and then grows quiet again. Mum pokes it again; it hums again. He plays with it, effecting a kind of artificial respiration, until it hums steadily.

Ralph tries to pick it up. It picks <u>him</u> up and puts him down atop Mum. Then the spring bounces around the clock's interior, "laughing" hysterically. Ralph and Mum are frightened.

RALPH (cont.)
This is <u>not</u> what I had in mind.
(approaching the spring)
Okay, calm down now...

47. EXTERIOR THE CLOCK

The face flies open and the spring bounds out carrying Mum and Ralph. The three of them bounce away past the frozen robbery in progress and into the silent world of Din.

48. EXTERIOR STREETS IN DIN

Once outside, the spring goes wild with Ralph and Mum hanging on tight. They've realized the spring is harmless, but very rambunctious. As they continue, Mum's having a ball, but it's getting to Ralph.

RALPH
Can't you bounce...oof!...slower?
Ohhhhhhh! Not so high!

Finally, as they bounce through a city park he loses his grip and flies off, landing in a big pile of leaves being raked by a gardener. Mum bounds away like a rodeo rider.

RALPH (cont.)
Will you guys come back here!? We've got to think this out very carefully.

Disgusted, Ralph starts off after them.

SONG #5: This is a song of freedom, played in contrast to the frozen Rushers.

Since this is the best time to explore the "fresh-frozen" civilization all around them, the visual satire will mesh with the musical. The spring will bounce off the Rusher's noses, bellies and bottoms. Mum will knock on heads, teeth and drops of water in mid-air.

Following them around, and always reminding them of their responsibilities will be Ralph, the over-conscientious, all-too-human animal. Without admitting it, he is focused on the heroes' welcome awaiting them.

RALPH (cont.)
Wait! Stop that! Don't touch those. Cut that out! Hold it. Sorry...etc.

Mum and the spring, however, are kindred spirits, enjoying the here and now--even in a world of suspended motion. Finally, Ralph lets them have their fun, telling himself that what Botch doesn't know won't hurt him.

RALPH (cont.)
Well, I guess there's no hurry. The heroes parade can wait.

How wrong he is.

49. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CASTLE

Botch is viewing the scene in Din on Ibor. He is outraged by the threesome frolicking on his time.

BOTCH
Dratted dimwits!!

A clip from "Your Hit Parade" appears on Ibor. Snooky Lanson and Rosemary Clooney sing "What Are Ya Gonna Do?" from "Undecided."

BOTCH (cont.)
Punt!

Ratatooie rolls into a ball and Botch gives him a swift one, lofting the animal onto the Royal Bowling Alley, where he makes a clean strike. He speaks into a microphone marked, "Aviary."

BOTCH (cont.)
The camel's back is broken! We've achieved the last straw! Now is the time to strike, Rudy!

50. INTERIOR AVIARY

The vultures turn to stare at camera. There are names on each of the perches; DASHER, DANCER, CUPID, VIXEN, etc. The largest and last to turn is RUDOLF. His beak is blood red.

BOTCH (O.S.)
I want that spring and I want it now!

Rudy blinks slowly.

BOTCH (O.S.) (cont.)
Come on, guys...

The other vultures look at Rudy, who shifts his weight.

BOTCH (O.S.) (cont.)
Please?...

Rudy looks slowly to his right. Several vultures in that direction take flight.

BOTCH (O.S.) (cont.)
Thanks, Rude. I'll make it up to you... I promise.

He blows effusive kisses, but Rudy turns his back.

51. EXTERIOR MURKWORKS

The factory is slightly larger now and the flights of vultures coming and going have grown with it.

52. EXTERIOR FRIVOLI

The windmills turn very slowly. The lush, growing landscape is turning brown at the edges, and those dreams that have been made are piled up, undelivered.

53. EXTERIOR STREET IN DIN

The spring bounds along in earnest with the heroes in hot pursuit.

RALPH
Hey, wait up! We want to talk to you.

The camera lifts to reveal several vultures circling over them, casting menacing shadows. Finally, Ralph stops and looks up. A vulture dives at him. Scared out of his wits, Ralph runs for cover.

RALPH (cont.)
Look out, it's an air raid!!

Another vulture peels off and dives for Mum, who is distracted by some frozen street musicians.

Ralph sees his friend in danger and, still running, he pulls out his book to search for a solution.

RALPH (cont.)

To achieve tiger mode, first reset all sensory circuits and increase aggressive components...

Suddenly, Ralph does change into a tiger--at least on top. His legs somehow become webbed feet, and instead of a roar, he can only quack.

Luckily, Mum dashes into a half-opened door as the vulture swoops by with flashing talons.

In a wider shot, the spring can be seen bouncing away, pursued by several more vultures. The two birds chasing the heroes join that group. The spring seems done for.

The Heroes' Mistake

54. INTERIOR A DARK ROOM - DAY

Mum is looking around. Ralph sits on the floor, back in his "normal" shape.

RALPH
(panting)
Who are those guys?

Mum shrugs.

RALPH (cont.)
Jeez! We had it, we lost it...What will Botch think?

VOICE
(old and Irish)
Botch think? Hah! Now there's a fine stretch of the imagination.

The camera pulls back to show that they are on the floor of a neighborhood bar, The Blarney Stone, with all its clientele frozen in place.

RALPH
(looking around)
Hello?...Hello?...

VOICE
Hello yerself.

At the bar's edge, a small figure appears and looks down. It's a tiny old man dressed in faded green. He has a long white beard, is holding a miniature glass of beer and is leaning on a cane. In spite of his size, he is intimidating.

GREENIE (cont.)
And who might ya be?

RALPH
My name is Ralph. I'm the All-Purpose Animal. This is Mumford. We're just visiting...from a place called Frivoli.

GREENIE
Are ya now? Well, then, let me ask ya one more thing, if I may.

RALPH
Oh,sure!

GREENIE
What possessed ya to come from there, to here in Din?

RALPH
It's a rather long story.

GREENIE
Just gimmee the high points, I haven't got all day, ya know!

RALPH
Well...we came here to be heroes--to help another hero--Greensleeves, the Dream Deliverer.

GREENIE
Oh, no. Oh, no. Saints in Heaven, preserve and protect me!

He downs his beer and sits heavily.

GREENIE (cont.)
(to himself)
Pinch yerself. It's a bad dream.

RALPH
Oh no, Sir, it's not a dream, we...

GREENIE
(interrupting)
Don't ya know who I am?!

RALPH
No Sir, you didn't say.

GREENIE
(pointing to his robe)
And what color might this be?

Mum and Ralph both look.

RALPH
It's green.

GREENIE
Ah, brilliant! And this hangin' in

GREENIE (cont.)
tatters from me arm--what might this be?

RALPH
A sleeve?

GREENIE
Put 'em together and what do ya have?

RALPH
Green...sleeves! But, he's tall and strong and fast on his feet and...

GREENIE
And so he was, till time took its toll.

Ralph is not sure what to make of him.

RALPH
(aside to Mum)
What do you think? Maybe we should go. Botch said...

GREENIE
(interrupting)
Botch is a villain!

RALPH
No, he's not. He's helping Flora Fauna start her career!

GREENIE
Botch!...Has Flora?! It's a nightmare!

RALPH
A nightmare?

GREENIE
Ya idiots! The man's the scum of the earth, the devil's first cousin! He'd pee on his own mother's grave! Ya fools! Those vultures work for Botch. Are ya daft?! Ya great blocks a' wood!

They are stunned. Greenie coughs weakly and limps down the bar.

RALPH
(barely audible)
No, Sir.

GREENIE
Ya are! Yer stupid as posts! Well, ya found Greenie, ya little twits! But I need yer help like...like...

During this tirade Greenie spurts fire and lightning. At the end of it, he collapses, exhausted.

GREENIE (cont.)
I need a drink...breathin' me last, dying I am, and this is the help I get! There's no justice...

He limps away and disappears into the men's room. Mum and Ralph are in shock. Have they been duped? Is Flora in danger?

RALPH
He must be mistaken.

Mum shakes his head "no" and kicks himself.

RALPH (cont.)
You believe all that?!

Mum nods "yes" and bonks himself on the head.

RALPH (cont.)
But why would Botch want to...

Suddenly, there is a distant sound of harp music. Through the ceiling of the bar, a tiny glow appears. It travels across the room.

Ralph and Mum take refuge behind a spitoon.

The twinkling glow lands on a boar's head mounted above the cash register and the FAIRY GODMOTHER takes form, first at about sixty percent exposure. She thrashes her wand around obviously annoyed until, POOF!, she's fully there. She collects herself, straightening her hair and crown. Her wings flutter away without her. She's a no-nonsense Fairy Godmother.

RALPH (cont.)
Wh...who are you?

FGM
Your Fairy Godmother. What did you expect...the Avon Lady? Now look, you guys have screwed up in a rather royal way.

RALPH
We have?

FGM
First, you fall for some cockamamie story and then, you yank the thread out of the fabric of the universe.

RALPH
We made a mistake?

Mum hits himself again to prove it--on the nose. It honks.

FGM
Trust me. I'm your Fairy Godmother. Look, I'd like to stay and chat, but we happen to be in the middle of a major crisis!

RALPH
Is it serious?

FGM
Look, we had a system working here. Not the greatest in the cosmos, but adequate. You tinker with one thing, it all goes flooie. We're talking great imbalance here--mucho imbalance! And you guys got to fix it.

RALPH
Us??

Her wings come back, pick her up and set her down beside them.

FGM
You! You two got to find that crazy, kooky spring and get it back into that clock!

RALPH
But it's gone. We don't even know where to look.

FGM
Do you see a spring in here?

Ralph and Mum look around.

RALPH
No.

FGM
(leading them)
From that observation, you can assume that the spring is not here, in this room, with us. So...

RALPH
So we look somewhere else.

FGM
Anyplace but here. Cross this place off

FGM (cont.)
your list. Where did you see it last?

RALPH
Outside.

FGM
Good! There's a start. Look outside. It's not inside, here, so maybe it's outside, there. Look there. Am I moving too fast for you?

RALPH
No.

FGM
Good. Now, I suggest that you find that spring.

RALPH
Okay, we'll try, but we haven't been very successful lately.

FGM
Your spirit of adventure is inspiring.

FGM produces a small change purse with her magic wand.

FGM (cont.)
Here, you'd better take these three dimes.

RALPH
Dimes?

FGM
Yeah, they're magical. You get in any real trouble, toss one in the air, a phone booth appears. Give me a call. All right? Here's my number.

She tips her wand and a piece of paper appears. Ralph looks at it, at her, she nods, he takes it.

RALPH
Thank you, Fairy Godmother.

FGM
Just call me FGM. I hate verbiage.

As they exit, they both wave to her.

5. EXTERIOR THE BLARNEY STONE BAR

Ralph and Mum walk out onto the sidewalk.

RALPH
Don't worry, FGM. We'll make up for <u>everything</u>.

Mum honks in agreement.

FGM (V.O.)
(calling out)
The sooner, the better. Goodbye.

56. INTERIOR THE BLARNEY STONE BAR

Off-screen we hear faintly, the flush of a urinal. FGM turns toward the sound. Greenie steps out of the men's room and walks toward FGM.

GREENIE
Well, hello, love! Is it really you, sweet cheeks? Yer lookin' good. Very fine indeed!

FGM
And you're losing your eyesight, Greenie.

GREENIE
That's not all I'm losin'. Me magic's going fast.

FGM
You put on a fine show for those two.

GREENIE
Aye, but that's the end of it.

He bangs his cane, it emits a tired fizzle.

GREENIE (cont.)
The magic's gone.

On the bar top, Greenie and FGM approach the beer tap. At the bottom of it is a miniature tap sticking out of the real one.

Greenie draws two glasses.

GREENIE (cont.)
Have a beer, love. So, what's become of the un-needed animal and his friend?

FGM
I sent 'em out to put things right. Think they're up to it?

GREENIE
I doubt it mightily.

She takes a sip. He empties his and pulls another.

FGM
Listen, babes, you weren't such hot stuff in the beginning, either.

GREENIE
I could tell me arse from me elbow.

FGM
And mine too, if I remember correctly.

He eyes her backside.

GREENIE
In your case it's hard to confuse the two.

FGM
This is so very true.

The two old friends smile at the memory of time past.

FGM (cont.)
I love reminiscing, but listen, I got to go. It's been fun, but duty calls. Before I had work, now I got work! And don't worry about things too much. It'll all turn out okay--I hope.

GREENIE
So who's worried?

The FGM waves her wand and POOF! turns into a sparkle that streaks away and out the door. Greenie walks back to the tap, and sits heavily.

GREENIE (cont.)
I'm worried!

57. INTERIOR MURKWORKS

Botch is watching Ibor. On screen, a plane flies in low and lands. The ground crew cheers.

CREW
(Richard Jeakel/Mickey Rooney)
They made it!

WIFE
(June Allison/Jane Wyman)
He's home...

A tear courses down her cheek.

Off-screen, a pigeon aviary bell rings.

BOTCH
They're back! My little pigeons have returned! They got it! The spring is mine!! Oh, this is <u>great</u>!!

He runs from the room.

58. INTERIOR MURKWORKS AVIARY

Botch rushes in. The brooding clusters of vultures don't move or make a sound.

BOTCH
(effusively)
Hey! Hey! We did it! We got it! Teamwork's the name of the game, eh fellas?

The vultures don't respond. Botch senses something's amiss.

BOTCH (cont.)
Hey, Rude! How's it hangin', old buddy?

Rudy looks icily to his right. The camera pans to a squadron of vultures who look like they've fought a giant food processor--and lost.

Most of their feathers are gone, they're cut and bruised, black-eyed and beaten.

BOTCH (cont.)
Oh, gee fellas--I didn't realize. You ...uh...<u>did</u> get the spring...right?

They didn't. It's clear even to Botch. A feather or two rustles. Botch knows this is a bad sign. Luckily for him, he thinks fast.

BOTCH (cont.)
Big deal! Just a spring, right? We'll get it next time. No sweat. Tell you what. Tonight, on account of your bad day, your favorite--maggot mousse!

Botch slips out amid a small flurry of feathers.

59. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CONTROL ROOM

Botch grunts his way through a heavy door.

BOTCH
(yelling)
SCUZZ! FETCH ME MY ROYAL CROWN! AND THE ROYAL SCEPTER, TOO!
(muttering to himself)
These things <u>do</u> help when you've got a royal pain in the...

Scuzz enters with the royal stuff.

SCUZZ
As you requested.

BOTCH
You may approach the throne!

Scuzz doesn't break step.

SCUZZ
Right. Thanks!

Botch dons his crown and grabs his scepter.

BOTCH
Right. Thanks, your highness.

SCUZZ
Right.
(a beat)
Your heinous!

BOTCH
That's better.
(a beat)
I've hit a small kink in the grand plan...

SCUZZ
Getting kinky, eh?

BOTCH
Yeah. Nothing major. I'm going to just skip right ahead to Phase Two.

Botch walks over to a cloth-covered control panel.

BOTCH (cont.)
Scuzzy, allow me to introduce you to...

Botch yanks the cloth away.

BOTCH (cont.)
THE BIG RED ONE!
(a beat)
With this baby, I can detonate all the bombs with my little pinky! Ha, ha! Don't you just love it?

SCUZZ
Love it, love it, love it.

BOTCH
I'm so happy! I must tell the Murkworkers!

Botch jumps to the P.A.

BOTCH (cont.)
(over P.A.)
LISTEN UP COMRADES! STAGE TWO'S GOING INTO HIGH GEAR!

He punches a lever which causes the scream-o-meters to peak, whistles to go off, etc.

60. INTERIOR MURKWORKS FACTORY

A train chugging along begins to pick up speed on a murky scream set. Through an echoey P.A., Botch finishes instructing his actors.

BOTCH (O.S.)
FULL STEAM AHEAD, MURKWORKERS! ACT AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT--IT DOES!

We pan to Flora Fauna lying on the railroad tracks. Ropes are being thrown over her and cinched tight mechanically.

FLORA
Excuse me, may I have just a moment to get into character, please? Hold it, please. Thank you.

The train stops just before hitting her, and laboriously begins backing up.

FLORA (cont.)
(to herself)
My motivation is that I'm crushed into flower juice by cold iron wheels smashing across my chest. Whew! Steam on my petals, blisters on my leaves! Oh! Oh, dear! No! Save me! Someone save me!

Scuzzbopper pops up beside her and glances around furtively. He's not supposed to be there.

SCUZZ
(whispering)
'Scuze me, Ms. Fauna?

FLORA
Yes?

SCUZZ
I don't mean to bother you. You're busy, you're beautiful...

FLORA
Oh, thank you.

SCUZZ
Do you read unsolicited manuscripts?

FLORA
No, I don't. I'm busy now. Thank...

SCUZZ
I know as a great artist you are as distressed as I am about the low quality of nightmares here and...

FLORA
Yes, I'm in distress!

SCUZZ
Well, I've written what I think is the masterwork...

FLORA
Congratulations!

SCUZZ
Three hundred thirty eight pages called, "Rugs, Rugs, Rugs."

FLORA
That's a little long.

SCUZZ
Ah, thank you for your criticism.

FLORA
Excuse me. Thank you.

SCUZZ
It's a little long?

FLORA
Yes!

SCUZZ
Fine! Thank you so much.

FLORA
Yes. Goodbye!
(getting back to her part)
Could anything be worse? Half a flower and not another dance in my...oh, please!

Scuzzbopper pops up again on the other side of the railroad tracks.

SCUZZ
Excuse me? Ah, this is the twenty-page treatment called, "Rugs, Rugs."

FLORA
Oh...thank you...good.

SCUZZ
I realize that as a brilliant actress, Ms. Fauna, you'll probably want to do this piece that'll rip the lid off!

FLORA
Thank you! Could you take that over there, please because...

Far away, a train whistles.

SCUZZ
Of course, of course, of course. Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you.

FLORA
Yes, thank you and goodbye.

Scuzzbopper starts to leave, but comes back.

SCUZZ
Were you acting just then?

FLORA
(very flustered)
Reality and I have merged in the...ohhhhh.

SCUZZ
I'll remember that. Thank you. It's a very valuable tip.

FLORA
Please! Go away! Go away, please.
(trying again for her motivation)
I remember when my doggie died. I was so sad...this isn't quite right.

SCUZZ
I'm going now.

He leaves, but immediately pops back up on the other side of the tracks. The whistle's getting closer.

SCUZZ (cont.)
Excuse me. This is the one-page synopsis.

FLORA
I...what?!

SCUZZ
It's just called "Rugs." I'd like you to look at that.

FLORA
Yeah. Tuck it under my ah...

SCUZZ
There's a self-addressed envelope paperclipped right to it...

FLORA
Thank you!

SCUZZ
...so you can send it right back. Thank you!

FLORA
Oh...I think I peaked!
(shouting)
Roll 'em! Roll 'em! Oh, please roll 'em!

A huge locomotive roars out of a tunnel spewing sparks and steam. It bears down on Flora, screeching to a halt inches from her body.

FLORA (cont.)
Aaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!

The black smoke clears to show a sooty flower smiling radiantly.

FLORA (cont.)
If only Frivoli could see me now!

61. EXTERIOR FIELDS OF FRIVOLI

In a wide shot, we see that agriculture in Frivoli is definitely in a slump. The once-lush fields are now brown in spots and the fruits are withered.

Frivolians, however, haven't changed a bit. They go blithely through their routines while they "dream on."

62. INTERIOR CHEF OF STATE'S KITCHEN CABINET

The Chef of State sits smiling behind his stove-desk as an ADVISOR briefs him on the current state of affairs. He holds a sheaf of papers.

There are many pots on the back burners of the Chef's desk.

ADVISOR
Good news, Sire!

CHEF OF STATE
Wonderful!

ADVISOR
I'm pleased to announce that...

CHEF OF STATE
Yes?

ADVISOR
...powdered water is under study.

CHEF OF STATE
I'm so pleased.

ADVISOR
...and the feasibility report looks promising.

CHEF OF STATE
Splendid! More good news?

ADVISOR
Dehydrated Dream Beans, in capsule form...

CHEF OF STATE
Sounds smashing!

ADVISOR
...are now being assembled in the Dreamery.

CHEF OF STATE
So good to hear it. What else?

A beat while the Advisor looks uncomfortable.

ADVISOR
Oh, just the "other" news.

The Advisor nervously fiddles with the large stack of papers he's holding.

CHEF OF STATE
(somewhat droll)
Oh, yes--<u>those</u>. You know where they go...

ADVISOR
Of course. Excellent!

The Advisor dumps the pile of papers in a skillet on the back burner.

CHEF OF STATE
Thank you. Dream on, good man!

ADVISOR
Thank <u>you</u>, Sire. Dream on!

63. EXTERIOR FIELDS OF FRIVOLI

As the Advisor leaves, we cut outside to a telescope matte, bird's-eye view of a browned-out Frivoli and hear the unmistakable voice of the FGM "tsking."

64. INTERIOR FGM'S OFFICE

The Fairy Godmother, is standing on her filing cabinet peering

through a telescope at the scene below.

FGM's point of view is from her pink, Airstream trailer suspended from a large, pink balloon somewhere in the sky. It is, without a doubt, the clearing house for the problems of the cosmos as evidenced by the massive piles of paperwork on her desk, various official-looking plaques on the walls and an umbrella stand full of wands.

FGM

Oh, there goes the blood pressure! I was afraid of this. Jeez, what craziness...and paperwork, ho boy! More than one fairy should be made to deal with.

She climbs down from her perch and walks to the telephone.

FGM (cont.)

Where is it written that I should put up with this?

Extreme close-up of FGM picking up the phone and dialing.

The Search

65. EXTERIOR STREET IN DIN

A short montage of Ralph and Mum trudging along, peeking over shoes, down sewer drains, into shop doors, looking for the spring. They obviously are having no luck. At the end of the street they finally stop in front of a wall. In a wide shot, we see there's a sign painted on the wall reading, "Beach →." It's way above our friends' heads; they don't acknowledge it.

RALPH
Mum, I've been thinking...

Mum does a take saying, "So, what's new?"

RALPH (cont.)
I think we ought to try a magic dime. We could use some magic now.

Mum indicates, "Sure, go ahead."

RALPH (cont.)
Okay, here goes!

Ralph throws the dime in the air. POOF! The phone booth pops up. He dials and waits. He gets a busy signal. He looks at the receiver and then to Mum.

RALPH (cont.)
I guess it's busy. Rats.

He dejectedly hangs up. The phone disappears, but the dime drops on the sidewalk.

RALPH (cont.)
At least we got our dime back!

They continue on.

66. INTERIOR FGM'S OFFICE

The Fairy Godmother is on the phone.

FGM
I'm shocked. It's not like I'm asking somebody to do floors or windows or anything difficult. I'm just looking for a basic rescue.
(a beat)
Well, I need a professional rescuer and if you can't help me, I'll take my business elsewhere. Goodbye.

There's a knock on the door.

FGM (cont.)
Hello?

The trailer tilts, as the door opens and SUPERGOOFER, a big guy with obvious muscles, wearing a superhero outfit, strides in.

All the furniture starts to slide toward the door, but as he steps forward, the trailer rights itself a bit.

SUPERGOOFER
Hello!

He's the blond Nordic type, wearing a Viking helmet with horns, a cape, an "S" on the chest, cleated shoes, the whole bit.

FGM
Yes, who are you?

SUPERGOOFER
My name is Supergoofer.

FGM
And what do I learn from that?

SUPERGOOFER
My name. I'm a superhero.

During this conversation Supergoofer strikes some body-builder poses, flexing his beefy arms. It's apparent that he scored an "A" on body, but flunked on brains.

FGM
You're kidding!

SUPERGOOFER
Actually, I'm not a full-fledged one. I'm on my learner's permit, but that's almost as good.

FGM
You have a resumé...perhaps I could check some credentials?

SUPERGOOFER
Yep, I do, right here. It's a blank piece of paper, but it is notarized and it's legal-sized.

He pulls a long sheet of paper out of his shoe.

FGM
You've made my day! If only I could give you a little test. You could show me that you're capable of doing something.

SUPERGOOFER
(holding a finger in the air)
I've got an idea! Why don't you give me a test!?

FGM
There's an idea.

SUPERGOOFER
Thank you.

Supergoofer steps forward again and the trailer tilts back to an even keel.

FGM
Lemme...uh...think of something. Here we go. I thought of it, so very quickly! Let's pretend that I'm a damsel in distress.

SUPERGOOFER
You'll be the damsel in distress...

FGM
Better me than you.

SUPERGOOFER
Well, I couldn't rescue myself. That doesn't count.

FGM
It rarely does. Okay!

SUPERGOOFER
Yeah.

FGM
To make it a little more interesting, I'll be a damsel in distress currently on fire.

The Fairy Godmother climbs up on top of her desk.

SUPERGOOFER
At this moment on fire...

He waits with arms folded, very blasé.

FGM
Here we go. Oh, help! Damsel in distress, currently on fire! Oh, help!

Suddenly, FGM twirls her wand encircling herself with roaring flames. Startled, Supergoofer jumps back and the trailer tilts precariously. The Fairy Godmother's desk chair starts rolling over to the other wall.

SUPERGOOFER
This is a test, so I should do something?

She stops the flames.

FGM
This is where you jump in and do something.

She starts the flames again.

SUPERGOOFER
You're on fire.

FGM
Currently.

SUPERGOOFER
Excuse me, ma'am. (Superheroes are very polite.)

FGM
Skip polite. Go right to action.

On the word "skip," FGM freezes the flames. On "action," they roar to life again.

SUPERGOOFER
Gotcha!

FGM
I now feel molecules charring internally! Oh, help! Damsel in distress, currently on fire!!

The camera pans with Supergoofer as he runs uphill, the trailer tilts the other way, and the chair rolls through again.

SUPERGOOFER
Would you like to be rescued?

FGM freezes the flames and parts them like a curtain.

FGM
More than life itself.

The flames begin again.

SUPERGOOFER
Lemme just suck those flames right up!

With a tremendous suction noise, Supergoofer inhales the flames in one breath.

FGM
As the fire's leaving me, I'm feeling like a new woman! My hero!

Supergoofer's trying to hold his breath and sticks a finger in his mouth as a cork. To maintain his manners at all costs, however, he must respond to a compliment.

SUPERGOOFER
Fut...fut...fut...fut...thank you!!

Flames spew out of his mouth with great intensity. When the smoke clears, a charred Fairy Godmother stands on her desk holding an equally charred wand.

FGM
Oh, jeez! This is pain!

The blackened star on the tip of the wand breaks off into cinder and ash.

SUPERGOOFER
Do I get the job? Or should we move right on to the Shark Infested Waters Test?

67. EXTERIOR FGM'S OFFICE

The trailer is still smoking as we pull away through the clouds and hear the Fairy Godmother's voice fading.

FGM (O.S.)
I'll give you the job. You'll get outa here, please?

68. EXTERIOR SOMEWHERE IN DIN

A short montage of our heroes climbing up what appears to be a mountain. They reach the peak and scan the horizon, obviously looking for a clue.

They're looking out at a huge ocean. Cutting back, we see that they're standing on the tip of a Rusher's nose.

RALPH
That's a lot of water! Do you think a spring can swim? Or bounce on water? I could try some fish combinations.

Mum nods "yes" at camera and walks away as Ralph continues talking and flipping through his manual. Ralph looks up.

RALPH (cont.)
Mum? Where are you? We've got to stick together or we'll spend all our time looking for each other!

A quick pan to Mumford, very excited, jumping up and down pointing, etc. Ralph trudges over to him, expecting nothing. When he gets there, however, all Mum's antics seem to make sense. Across the sand are very definite "bounce prints" of the spring.

RALPH (cont.)
Good work!

Following the tracks down the beach, they encounter large, oily, rounded forms that glisten in the frozen sunlight. Mounds and mounds of flesh seem stacked and crowded together. Here and there, striped umbrellas stand out from the crowd. Coney Island from bug level. It gets stranger and stranger.

Mum jumps on an inner tube, which bounces him onto a silver reflector that a Rusher is holding up to his chin. Mum slides down the foil of the reflector and collides with the second chin of the overweight man.

Nearby, a girl in a bikini is lying on her stomach with her straps undone. Ralph is puzzling over the marks that make a white "X" on her suntanned back. He pulls out Botch's map.

RALPH (cont.)
Was this on <u>our</u> map?

Meanwhile, Mum has made it down to the water, where he is playing "fun house mirror" with a frozen wave. Ralph walks into frame.

RALPH (cont.)
Mum? This still isn't working. I don't think we're cut out for this hero stuff.

Mum eagerly and randomly shakes his head either "yes" or "no" at what Ralph says.

RALPH (cont.)
You think we should use another dime?

Mum shakes his head "no."

RALPH (cont.)
It might still be busy...

Mum nods "yes."

RALPH (cont.)
...so maybe we should hold off.

Mum agrees.

RALPH (cont.)
Then again, if the Fairy Godmother knew we were stuck, she might...

Ralph blabs on. Mum does a take to camera. He shrugs, then pulls a dime out of Ralph's "pocket" and tosses it into the air. POOF! The magic phone booth pulls Ralph out of his worried reverie. As Mum dials he hands Ralph the headset.

FGM (O.S.)
Yello.

RALPH
Oh! Excuse me, is the Fairy Godmother in, please?

FGM (O.S.)
FGM, to you. Speaking. Let me guess--you're lost and could use a little help, am I right?

RALPH
Right! Wow! How'd you guess?

FGM (O.S.)
Oh, just lucky. Listen, I'm a little short-handed right now, but I did find a guy, calls himself--what was it--oh, yes--calls himself "Super..."

Before the FGM can finish the name, we hear a distant, but rapidly approaching jet noise together with a long, drawn-out bellow from none other than the fledgling superhero.

SUPERGOOFER
It's SUUUPPPERRRRGOOOOOFFFERRRRRRRRR!!!

Supergoofer's jet-powered surfboard skips over the last wave, crashes down on the beach, covers the heroes in sand and zooms on, bashing into a fat man. Supergoofer does several somersaults through the air and lands headfirst in the sand. Next to him is a Rusher, also buried in the sand, but with only his head showing. Mum and Ralph sputter and spew out sand.

FGM (O.S.)
Don't tell me--I sense that he's arrived.

RALPH
(still spitting sand)
Someone is here.

FGM (O.S.)
Sounds about right. He got a kinda cute suit?

RALPH
He's wearing red trunks and a blue cape...

FGM (O.S.)
That's your help. Catch you later!

She hangs up and the booth disappears. Mum looks over at the legs wiggling above the sand then back to Ralph. Ralph looks for a silver lining on this latest cloud.

RALPH
Well, he is big...

As they trudge up the beach to meet their "help," Supergoofer finally pops out of the sand. He's eyeball to eyeball with the buried Rusher.

SUPERGOOFER
This looks like a job for Supergoofer! Don't worry, I'll get you out of there in a flash.

With that, he starts digging sand like a dog from the enormous neck and shoulder of the Rusher of Din. Ralph and Mum appear in the shot, watching him dig.

RALPH
Thank you for...

SUPERGOOFER
(spinning around)
Wha!! Are you authorized to be at the scene of a rescue?

RALPH
This is Mumford and I'm Ralph, the All-Purpose Animal. I think we're the ones you're supposed to rescue, and then we've got to save poor Flora Fauna.

SUPERGOOFER
Save? A girl? Distressed damsels are my meat and potatoes. Wait. One question--is she, you know...

Supergoofer makes an hourglass outline in the air. Mum indignantly erases it while Ralph speaks.

RALPH
Oh, yes! Even more so.

SUPERGOOFER
More? Good! Where do I find her? Just point me in the right direction.

RALPH
(interrupting)
But what about the spring?

SUPERGOOFER
I'm not thirsty. Point me to Flora!

RALPH
But we've got to find the spring first before Botch does or he'll have Flora and the spring.

SUPERGOOFER
If I find your spring will you tell me where this delicious damsel is being held against her will? Will you? Huh, huh, huh?

RALPH
Yes.

SUPERGOOFER
Consider that spring found! This calls for my new X-ray vision glasses. See? I'll demonstrate. Do you see that building over there? Well, I can see right through the wall! And the next wall...and the next and, ooops! Oh, it's broken. Wait a minute.

Supergoofer tries to focus. His eyes cross. Ralph and Mum watch him, hoping for a clue.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
(squinting)
This spring...is it shiny?

RALPH
Yes! Very shiny!

SUPERGOOFER
Does it sort of glow?

RALPH
Of course! Do you see it??

69. INTERIOR OFFICE IN DIN

Briefly, we see Supergoofer's binocular view of the spring boinging merrily around an office desk next to a coil message-holder. But then his X-ray vision goes through another wall and the spring disappears.

70. EXTERIOR THE BEACH

Supergoofer takes off his X-ray glasses.

SUPERGOOFER
(uncrossing his eyes)
Would I fail you?

Mum and Ralph are very excited.

RALPH
Where was it?!!

Supergoofer points with great authority into the distance.

SUPERGOOFER
The spring you are seeking is exactly in <u>that</u> direction, and it is either <u>very</u> close, or <u>very</u> far away, or <u>somewhere</u> in between.

RALPH
(downcast)
Thanks a lot. How do we get there?

SUPERGOOFER
Well, I'm flying. I don't know about you. Do you gallop or crawl or waddle, or what?

RALPH
(defensive)
I can fly...in short hops. I'm not what you'd call a non-stop flyer, but...

SUPERGOOFER
Maybe I can give you a few pointers. I'm a super flyer, <u>and</u> not a bad instructor. Ready?

RALPH
Come on, Mum. Let's try it our own way.

Mum sits on his back, as Ralph sprouts his wings to the maximum and takes off. He doesn't go very far. Supergoofer chuckles, then revs up with lots of noise and energy.

SUPERGOOFER
Come on, you two.

He snatches them up and takes off, rushing out of frame with great commotion. As they leave, a black nightmare bomb plops on the sand. It's a menacing object with a big red detonator on one end. We see vultures approaching in the distance carrying more.

71. EXTERIOR THE SKY

As they fly along Ralph looks down. Supergoofer has on his X-ray glasses.

RALPH
(shouting to Supergoofer)
For Pete's sake, slow down! We don't have parachutes!

SUPERGOOFER
Relax. I see the exact spot the spring was in. This is easy.

Supergoofer swoops down and crashes through a window. The effect is shattering...and painful.

72. INTERIOR OFFICE IN DIN

Ralph and Mum are pulling themselves together.

SUPERGOOFER
See? Piece of cake. Where's the damsel?

RALPH
Where's the spring? Oh, no! Look!

The office is full of nightmare bombs and there's no sign of the spring.

RALPH (cont.)
If Botch has made this many bombs, no telling what he's done with Flora!

SUPERGOOFER
Looks like I should rescue her sooner rather than later, eh?

RALPH
Listen, are you here to help us or what?

SUPERGOOFER
I'm here to what and where is she?

RALPH
Look, Mr. Goofer, you're not much help anyway. If I tell you where she is, will you promise to get her out of there?

SUPERGOOFER
Yes, and remember--a superhero's three for a dollar, today only. No wait...ah...

RALPH
(exasperated)
Never mind! You know about the Murk?

SUPERGOOFER
(hurt)
Sure. That's first year stuff.

RALPH
She's there.

SUPERGOOFER
Okay. One question.

RALPH
What?

SUPERGOOFER
Is she lonely?

Ralph has to hold back Mum from punching out the strong man's lights.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
All right! I'm going!

And with a mighty WHOOSH! he's gone. Our heroes shake their heads at each other. As they look around the office, their fears grow. They're in a huge typing pool--row after row of Rushers at their desks looking trapped and pathetic.

RALPH
These poor Rushers are in for it. Doesn't that get you, Mum?

Mum pulls a flower from a vase and sticks it over a Rusher's ear, makes a paper airplane which he rides to the floor, ties a guy's shoelaces together, and so on. He's having, per usual, a good time.

RALPH (cont.)
Guess not. Well, let's get cracking.

They begin to search the office.

73. EXTERIOR MURKY SKY

Supergoofer is flying along, muttering to himself with his X-ray glasses on. He looks very silly.

SUPERGOOFER
Rude, rude, rude. It's obvious they never went to superhero school. Whoa there, X-ray!

74. INTERIOR MURKWORKS FACTORY

Through his binocular mask, we see Flora Fauna in a torture set. She's lying on a white chaise-lounge in what appears to be a posh 1930's hotel room. A huge eye peers in through the window at her. Then, a similarly huge and hairy King Kong hand reaches in toward her.

75. EXTERIOR MURKY SKY

SUPERGOOFER
It's the actual damsel in actual distress!

76. INTERIOR MURKWORKS FACTORY

The huge, hairy hand is slowly approaching Flora, who looks as much like Fay Wray as one can with green stems. Suddenly, Supergoofer crashes through the Murkworks wall and into the King Kong set.

SUPERGOOFER
Charge!!!!

He scoops Flora out of the chaise-lounge, just before the hairy hand grabs her. From his arms, she calls out into the wings.

FLORA
Is this another character? Has someone else been written in?

Supergoofer sets her down safely in a corner, but she walks toward the edge of the stage.

SUPERGOOFER
(following her)
No, I'm a real person.

FLORA
I didn't get those pages!! I cannot work under these conditions.
(to Supergoofer)
Would you get out of here?

Baffled, the Boy Wonder struggles with the huge hand.

SUPERGOOFER
You see, I'm holding off this ape in order to <u>rescue</u> you!

FLORA
No...get away...I'm an actress...! It's a big prop hand...I'm okay!!

SUPERGOOFER
They've brainwashed you! Taken a beautiful flower and turned it into another thing!

He grabs her.

FLORA
NO! This is my work!

She starts beating on his chest.

SUPERGOOFER
You have to come with me...

The hairy hand gropes around the set, clenching and unclenching mechanically. Supergoofer lets go of Flora in order to box the monkey hand. She rags on him.

FLORA
Get out of here, you idiot! I'm expressing my creative self...I'm a seething volcano of feelings from which my true emotional life is just beginning to erupt!!

Supergoofer, meanwhile, punches the ape fist back through the window. A beat. The monster monkey reappears.

SUPERGOOFER
Back again, eh?

Supergoofer winds up to slug the ape fist. Unfortunately, Flora is standing behind him as he rears back. He doesn't notice that he knocks her cold. He slugs the monkey fist out of the set, then turns to resume his rescue. He's shocked to find her on the deck.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
Flora! Oh, my gosh! That bully hit you! Don't worry, I'll save you!

Supergoofer picks her up. While he's bent over, the monkey fist returns at great velocity, catapulting Supergoofer and Flora Fauna through the hole Supergoofer created upon his arrival.

77. EXTERIOR THE SKY

Supergoofer is flying through the air with Flora draped over his shoulder. When he realizes what has happened, he suddenly strikes a superhero flying pose and takes off on his own.

SUPERGOOFER
By golly! I did it!!!

78. INTERIOR OFFICE IN DIN

At desk level, our heroes fly-hop-jump along, still on their quest for the crucial spring. Rushers are stopped in the act of scribbling furiously, some stare into space, others chew their pencils, frown at their typewriters, etc.

Mum makes a leap to the next desk, and points to a coiled, brass, message holder.

RALPH
Does that bounce?

Always pragmatic, Mum tries to toss it up to see what happens. What happens is that it does not bounce at all, but nudges loose a bomb sitting on the desk. The bomb starts to roll.

RALPH (cont.)
No, Mum! Catch it!

Mum tries valiantly, but he's too late. In horror, they watch the black shape tumble to the floor and land on its red detonator.

Instantly, the room is filled with smoky purples, nauseous yellow-greens. The tiny figures back away in terror at the transformation the gases are seeming to make.

The staple remover, which had been sitting so innocently on the desk, grows a tail and claws and comes charging at them, its four huge teeth gnashing up and down. Running from it, they jump to another desk, but the rubber stamps, "Cancel" and "Void," pound up and down on their pads trying to stamp them out.

As they run between typewriters, the carriages slam back and forth, narrowly missing their heads An electric pencil sharpener tries to pull Ralph in, but just before he's sucked into the black hole he grabs Mum, who's braced like an angle iron on the edge of the desk.

The two friends are on the run again as a dozen push pins jump into the Xerox machine and fly out as squadrons of needle-nose jets. They dive bomb the heroes, sticking themselves into the floor and walls all around them.

In their panic, the heroes get separated; Ralph hiding behind a desk calendar, and Mum jumping off the desk. Getting his breath, Ralph makes another dash for it, but he's making no headway. He's running in slow motion now, and the army of terrifying creatures is gaining rapidly.

The noise is unbearable. Ralph struggles, but only goes slower! Then, everything goes black.

79. EXTERIOR MURKWORKS GARDEN

Botch is promenading through his abysmal "garden." He suddenly grabs his belly. His eyes narrow.

BOTCH
Hmmmmm, an explosion in the--Nah, just gas. Soon though, soon, it'll be NIGHTMARE CITY!

For emphasis, he joyfully kicks a bunch of Venus Flytraps that yelp in pain, then snarl at him, baring their teeth. Botch catches a fly that had been circling his head and tosses it to the flowers. The fly cries, "Help me! Help me!" as they greedily fight over it. As he walks on, we see little black and white cabbages emitting a purplish smoke.

BOTCH (cont.)
(inhaling deeply)
Ah, the skunk cabbage is in bloom. Hello, my little mutant pollutants!
(walking on)
And how are my slime beds doing? Ho, ho, ho! Your odors incite a riot in my nose!
(he sniffs and giggles with delight)
Belladonna and Deadly Nightshade, my favorites.

Suddenly, Ibor approaches down the garden path, smashing through dead trees and bushes, plowing tracks through the mud.

BOTCH (cont.)
Ibor! You oily oaf! What is it now?

Ibor switches from confused test patterns to a view of Super-goofer carrying Flora Fauna way through the clouds.

BOTCH (cont.)
Rarrggh! How did this happen? Where were you? Watching reruns again??!!

Botch kicks Ibor and hurts his foot.

BOTCH (cont.)
Oh, never mind. I don't want to hear excuses. She'll be back. The Murkworks is in her blood, or sap or whatever she has.

A clip from "The Honeymooners" comes on Ibor's screen.

GLEASON
How <u>right</u> you are!

80. INTERIOR OFFICE IN DIN

Later, Ralph wakes. The light is normal again. He raises his head slightly and squints, then feels around for his glasses and puts them on. Now, the office looks as innocent as before. He picks himself up and dusts off, warily glancing around.

RALPH
(quietly)
Mum? Where are you?

RALPH (cont.)
(louder)
Come on, Mum. If they couldn't catch me, they couldn't catch you. Old fleet-foot, high-steppin' Mumford...

There is hope in his voice, but he gets more and more panicky when there is no answer.

RALPH (cont.)
Mumford?

Wandering through the office, he begins to expect the worst. He rounds a corner and finds a huge paper shredder. A few strips of black paper are visible through the glass. The sight is almost too much for him.

RALPH (cont.)
Oh, no! No! I can't believe it!

Music comes up throughout. Ralph paces back and forth in shock not knowing what to do. Then he sits down heavily pondering the terrible hand that's been dealt his friend.

SONG #6: Ralph sings a melancholy tune about lost friends, lost hope, wondering how to go on in the face of despair. In the chorus or bridge he may try, in his practical manner, to think of ways to alleviate his pain--cry a lot, bang his head against a wall--but discards all the alternatives. In short, he's still alone under his cloud of gloom.

81. EXTERIOR STREET IN DIN

In a blue funk, Ralph trudges leadenly down the street.

RALPH
I'm sorry, Mumford, wherever you are.

He begins to cry softly. Reaching an intersection, he stops to blow his nose.

RALPH (cont.)
It's not fair. (honk)
(getting mad)
It's just not FAIR!

His voice echoes around the streets mocking him: fair, fair, fair...

RALPH (cont.)
We were trying to help! (help...help...)
We didn't mean (mean...mean...)

He trails off and begins to cry in earnest.

RALPH (cont.)
I give up. I can't do this...alone.

As he walks, head down and teary-eyed, the Fairy Godmother materializes behind him. She walks in step, parodying his movement.

FGM
You can't do it alone.

Lost in his own misery, Ralph hears her only as an inner voice; he doesn't realize she's there.

RALPH
It's not right to expect this of one animal, one little critter.

FGM
Not right. Unconstitutional.

RALPH
No one cares anyway...they all forgot...

FGM
I'd say you were forgotten.

He sits down on a curb. He pulls a dime from his pouch and stares at it.

RALPH
I'd better break the news to FGM. I don't know how she's going to take it.

He flips the coin in the air. The Fairy Godmother catches it, but the phone booth appears and she talks to him "short-distance."

FGM
Hello, FGM here.

RALPH
(very depressed)
This is Ralph.

FGM
Do I detect a hint of doom and despair in your voice, or is this just a bad connection?

RALPH
Mumford...got...he...got...

Ralph can't bring himself to pronounce the terrible words.

FGM
Yeah, I know. I've been following your plight with interest.

RALPH
We're all washed up as heroes...

FGM
Not necessarily--there's always initiative for the taking.

RALPH
It's no use. I'll never find it.

FGM
(finally cutting loose)
You couldn't find it with an army! Your own tush, if it was on fire, you couldn't find!

She bonks him on the head with her wand.

RALPH
What?...

He whirls around. The FGM laughs, and the phone dissolves away.

RALPH (cont.)
You're here!

FGM
No kiddin'.

She looks at his sorry figure for a beat.

FGM (cont.)
You're a mess, but you gotta pull yourself together...for Mum, if for no other reason.

RALPH
But...he got shredded...

FGM
Are you sure?

RALPH
Well, I think so...

FGM
That's your problem--you think too MUCH.

RALPH
But...I saw him...and if...

FGM
If, if, if. No more ifs, ands or buts. If you gotta think, think in motion, please.

Ralph picks himself up.

RALPH
But I can't...

She points authoritatively with her wand. He begins to saunter away glancing back at her. She gives him a zap in the rear with her wand.

RALPH (cont.)
Okay! Okay! I'm going.

Ralph exits. FGM watches him go, shaking her head.

82. INTERIOR SUPERGOOFER'S APARTMENT/GYM

Supergoofer is puttering around creating a "mood"--puffing up pillows, spraying cologne, dimming the lights, randomly spit-polishing his Nautilus equipment--all to the low moaning of a stereo crooner.

A close-up on Flora's closed eyes. The long lashes flutter, then her eyes open wide. She looks around, a bit dazed.

FLORA
Oh, what's my next line, uh, "Never! Never!"

Shaking her head she does a double-take.

FLORA (cont.)
Where am I?

SUPERGOOFER
(leaning over her from behind)
You're in safe hands!

FLORA
Aahg! Get away from me, you beast!

Frightened at the sight of his huge upside-down face, she jumps off the couch, and lands on a trampoline.

SUPERGOOFER
Aha! She's the shy type, a delicate flower.

It bounces her into a pair of flying rings. She swings back and forth as he tries to talk to her.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
It's okay, Flora...you probably want to slip into something more comfortable.

Just then she does slip, into a couch so deep that only her feet remain visible. Supergoofer advances suavely.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
Now, you'll notice everything here is designed not only as an article of furniture, but also as a piece of exercise equipment.

Flora climbs out and begins walking around, getting intrigued.

FLORA
I insist that you take me back to work. Oh...hmmm...this is weird.

SUPERGOOFER
My body has become a weapon, a high-tension wire. See this rippling torso, these latissimus dorsi, these...

83. INTERIOR FGM'S OFFICE

Back at her desk, the busy caseworker decides to check up on her rescue assistant. She picks up the phone and dials.

FGM
(impatiently)
I'm telling him and telling him. Three rings is too many. A person could die, already. I assume he's cleaning his uniform.

84. INTERIOR SUPERGOOFER'S APARTMENT/GYM

Supergoofer is on the make. The telephone is ringing but he ignores it.

FLORA
Yoo-hoo! Your phone--aren't you going to answer it?

SUPERGOOFER
(suavely)
Au contraire! The machine will handle it and we won't be disturbed.

Just behind his couch, we see Supergoofer's answering machine with the tape reels turning, but the sound switched off.

85. INTERIOR FGM'S OFFICE

Finally, a clicking noise is heard and the sound of Supergoofer's recorded voice comes on the phone.

SUPERGOOFER (O.S.)
Hello, this is Supergoofer. I'm not here right now, but if you leave your name and number I'll get back to you in a jiffy. Just describe the size of your problem: (a) mildly annoying...

FGM looks heavenward and taps her foot.

SUPERGOOFER (O.S.) (cont.)
...(b) terribly distracting; or (c) catastrophically urgent. Now wait for the beep! (Beep)

FGM does a slow burn, then hangs up.

86. INTERIOR SUPERGOOFER'S APARTMENT/GYM

Supergoofer is still on the make, giving Flora the grand tour

of his bachelor quarters--a ridiculous mix of Playboy decor and bargains from a Jack LaLanne garage sale.

SUPERGOOFER
This is my stereo and gluteous maximus room, over there the wet bar and deltoid group equipment, and here, my personal favorite, and soon to be one of yours, the loveseat and leglift station.

FLORA
Mmm-hmm...they didn't have this in dance class.

SUPERGOOFER
Let's try it out. You see, I even have muscular lips...

He makes a pass. She screams and kicks him in the shins.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
Aha...a love tap from the green stranger with big feet who can't resist me.

Supergoofer again puckers up for a kiss and goes after Flora. She grabs two small barbells.

FLORA
Get away, you stupid sex-maniac!

As Supergoofer starts to move in for the kiss, Flora pulls her arms together with a clang, smashing his lips between the weights.

Supergoofer now looks like a goldfish making m-m-m-m-m-m sounds with his throbbing lips, trying to speak.

FLORA (cont.)
(all business)
Your face will freeze.

SUPERGOOFER
(through fish-lips)
Kiss me! It's the rules.

He pursues her, she steps back, and he crashes into the wall of vitamins that topples down on him.

FLORA
(breathless)
This is ridiculous! I'm leaving!

She opens the door and makes a grand exit--into thin air. Little did she know the great height to which she'd risen.

FLORA (cont.)
Aaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!

SUPERGOOFER
Uh-oh, she's falling. Aha! I'll rescue her again. That's two kisses! I'll drop her and rescue her three times. Three kisses! A whole weekend, that's what it looks like to me! Now, where's my cape?

87. EXTERIOR THE SKY

Flora is falling, wildly flailing. Then she stops, breathless, panting.

FLORA
Oh, dear. I hope I didn't hurt my vocal cords.

She starts vocalizing like an opera star.

FLORA (cont.)
I seem to have lost my upper range.

She tries a few more scales which trail off into a descending scream.

88. INTERIOR MURKWORKS AVIARY

Botch stands in a strong spotlight and speaks into a microphone. His voice is heavily echoed.

BOTCH
I just want to say a few words to you Minions before you go off on your mission.

The camera pulls up and back into the rafters, revealing row upon row of silent vultures.

BOTCH (O.S.) (cont.)
I know some of you have wives and sweethearts and all that malarky. There's a good chance some of you won't be coming back. I can deal with that.

Two vultures in the foreground look at each other slowly, heavy-lidded and ominous.

In a reverse angle, Botch's back is silhouetted in the glare of the spotlight.

BOTCH (cont.)
And for those of you...who are going to pay...

The camera moves slowly away from him, up to the silent, staring birds.

BOTCH (O.S.) (cont.)
...with everything you have, rest assured the world will be a little worse off because of you.

An overhead view of Botch.

BOTCH (cont.)
So, let's get out there and give it to them! Okay, Minions!

An up-shot of the vultures. They don't move.

BOTCH (cont.)
Off your tailfeathers!! Get going!! Gung-ho!!

They don't move.

Looking down at Botch, he stands tiny in the spotlight, the birds still on their perches.

BOTCH (cont.)
Ah, please?...Come on, fellas.

The birds slowly unfold their wings with a heavy rustle of feathers, and black shapes fill the screen.

89. EXTERIOR MURKWORKS

A black, arrow formation of vultures rises from the Aviary clutching the latest batch of nightmare bombs in their talons. They darken the already dark sky which is full of the purplish smoke billowing from the expanded Murkworks factory.

The stone edifice has spread like a blight and it's obvious Botch's nightmare production is in high gear.

90. EXTERIOR THE BLARNEY STONE BAR

The spring bounds down the sidewalk, leap-frogging a fire hydrant and the dog peeing on it. It bounces through the half-open bar door.

91. INTERIOR THE BLARNEY STONE BAR

Greenie is sitting beside his tap, glass in hand, looking morose. The glowing spring leaps across the room.

GREENIE
Hey, there! You! Long time no see, as they say! Come on over, me friend.

The spring bounces over in obvious recognition and excitement.

GREENIE (cont.)
Ah, me, it must be ages...yer lookin' good, ya are.

The spring hums in a kind of Morse code.

GREENIE (cont.)
Ho, ho! Say now, do ya mean that time all me Figs ran away?

The spring glows brightly as it wiggles in a "laugh."

GREENIE (cont.)
The little devils! Ah, me stars! What a time I had coaxin' 'em back. Hurt their feelin's, I did. Oh, do ya remember that Rusher--walkin' in her sleep an' we tried every dream we had to keep her outa traffic?! Ho, ho!

The two old friends continue their reminiscing as we pull away.

92. EXTERIOR AMUSEMENT PARK

Ralph has wandered into a tacky "Playland," and now stands in front of one of those toss-your-cookies rides full of people frozen in what seems to be pure terror. There are nightmare bombs here and there in precarious positions waiting for time's start and Botch's button.

From his vantage point on the knee of a middle-aged man feeding pigeons, Ralph scans the area.

RALPH
Nothing. Not a trace. Zero.

He sits down on the huge knee of the man who seems lost in thought.

RALPH (cont.)
You know, I hate to say this, but you may be stuck here feeding these birds awhile longer.

Suddenly, a flock of vultures swoops down silently placing more bombs. Ralph, gazing sympathetically at the Rusher, doesn't notice until it's too late. A huge buzzard lunges at him, black wings spread wide.

Ralph ducks beneath its talons and scrambles up the man's arm. The bird wheels around as Ralph gets to the man's shoulder. Once more, its talons come slashing by. Ralph jumps out of frame and the vulture flies away. Ralph is gone.

As the camera moves slowly toward the man's ear, we barely hear Ralph's voice, echoed.

RALPH (O.S.) (cont.)
(panting)
Whew! I almost became bird food. That was close...too close.

93. INTERIOR RUSHER'S HEAD

Inside the man's head Ralph takes a look around. He is amazed. Like Alice down the Rabbit's hole, he had expected only a place to hide, but this is a whole world! It's like a crowded attic filled with trunks, filing cabinets, old clothes, photos, pennants on the walls. The room is softly lit from dormer windows here and there.

Ralph, thinking he's alone, is startled by random snippets of music and sound effects and begins to explore. He opens a file drawer and a voice says:

VOICE
Plan now for your golden years...

As Ralph wanders further back, the black and white quality gradually merges into muted colors. He goes to a window, opens it and looks out. He sees a 1940's swing band and a young man blowing a trumpet solo while others dance wildly. Ralph stares, puzzled, then moves on. The colors become stronger.

We hear people's voices and crowds, as Ralph is drawn back through a time capsule of one man's memories.

94. INTERIOR THE BLARNEY STONE BAR

Greenie is fairly sloshed, as he weaves down the bar explaining the meaning of life to the spring.

GREENIE
So ya see, ya gotta go back sooner or later, we all do.

He gestures broadly as the spring boings along behind.

GREENIE (cont.)
Yer made for the job--we're all made for one. Being wound's the start, winding up's the finish. How will ya wind up, ya foolish, bounding piece of nothing-can-hold.

He puts his arm around the spring.

GREENIE (cont.)
(softly)
How will ya? How will ya wind up, if yer not there to start?

He gestures to the frozen Rushers.

GREENIE (cont.)
(with gusto)
And what of these? These poor, wonderful fools? Is this how they wind up?

Before the spring can answer, a black vulture sweeps through the open transom and dives for them. Greenie draws his shillelagh like a sword.

GREENIE (cont.)
Aha! Come to do battle at last have ya?! Good!

He puts himself between the vulture and the spring.

GREENIE (cont.)
Stand back! This might be dangerous!

The vulture dives, talons extended. Greenie bats his cane heroically.

GREENIE (cont.)
Come on! Ya slimy angel of destruction. No holds barred, ten rounds to the finish! Come on!! I'll take on any vulture in the joint!

He really has no chance. The spring coils tight, then leaps straight into the oncoming vulture's face, knocking it beak-over-tailfeathers.

Then, WHOOSH! Ugly talons snatch up the spring by one end, another vulture finishing the job. Greenie grabs the other end of the spring as it lifts across the bar.

GREENIE (cont.)
Put us down! Ya great heap o' black turkey buzzard!!

The vultures glide out the transom with the spring and Greenie in tow, bouncing wildly.

95. INTERIOR RUSHER'S HEAD

Ralph winds his way through the Rusher's memories. Family photos, high school trophies, an old baseball mitt, each with its special meaning, sound and color.

Finally, he comes to a room in which the walls are covered with the loose, free drawings of a four-year-old. A familiar figure in top hat is studying them intently. Ralph gasps.

RALPH

Mumford!!!

Mum turns, breaks into a grin and toots "hello" on his bulb horn. Ralph rushes to him.

RALPH (cont.)

You're alive!

Mum scratches his head, puzzled.

RALPH (cont.)

You're well! You're...

Mum pulls a stethoscope from his coat and listens to his own heart. He smiles and nods.

RALPH (cont.)

...still impossible. Where have you been?!

Mum points to the floor.

RALPH (cont.)

But how did you escape?

Mum runs like mad in place, imitates a dive-bombing vulture, then stops and fans himself. He gestures around at all the drawings. It is a zoo, a cosmos of imagination.

RALPH (cont.)

I like them a lot better on the inside than the outside.

Just then they hear a faint "boing" sound. They look at each other, then take off like a shot.

Captives in the Murk

96. EXTERIOR RUSHER'S HEAD

Ralph and Mum jump out of the man's ear and land on his shoulder. Mum pulls a brass spyglass out of his hat and takes a look. Then, hands it to Ralph.

97. EXTERIOR THE SKY

Through the spyglass mask, we see the vulture fly through, holding the spring in its talons, with Greenie at the other end, still bouncing.

RALPH (O.S.)
Oh,no!!! Both of them!

98. EXTERIOR RUSHER'S SHOULDER

Ralph lowers the glass.

RALPH
That's the end. Botch has won. Oh boy, what do we do now?

Mum starts shadow boxing.

RALPH (cont.)
Fight Botch? That's crazy We'd be K.O.'d in nothing flat. We really need to think this thing over. I wish we were back in Frivoli...

Suddenly, FGM's wand appears and bonks them each on the head. POOF!

99. EXTERIOR FRIVOLI OUTSKIRTS

They are indeed in Frivoli.

RALPH
Wha...?! How did we get here?!

FGM (O.S.)
Compliments of the management, that means me. By the way, making wishes is serious business. Don't make it a habit. Ciao!

Her wand dissolves away.

100. EXTERIOR THE SKY

FGM is flying along through pink clouds, commiserating with herself about the weight of the cosmos getting heavier on her shoulders.

FGM
I'm a Fairy Godmother. Traveling is one thing, but these housecalls...

She leaves pink clouds behind and enters a gray, murky sky.

FGM (cont.)
Oh, for goodness sakes! Suddenly, new dimensions to the words "industrial wastes" comes to mind.

101. EXTERIOR FRIVOLI OUTSKIRTS

The two heroes stare at each other, then look around. They gape in awe at the barren landscape, standing in brown dust that covers their feet.

Mum walks over to inspect a dried stalk, sending up a cloud of dust that sets Ralph sneezing and choking. When it clears, Ralph's glasses are opaque with dirt.

RALPH
(cleaning his glasses)
Thanks a lot, Mum. We've really done it now. This is bad...

Mum toots weakly and makes a flower on his lapel squirt water--all he gets is a small spit.

RALPH (cont.)
This is deep trouble...

They turn and walk toward No-Man's Land.

RALPH (cont.)
Deep, deep trouble...

102. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CASTLE

FGM is looking out a window while Greenie plays solitaire and takes an occasional nip.

FGM
Play the eight on the nine.

GREENIE
(muttering)
Hmmm...now why didn't I see that.

FGM
So, what do we do? The poor guys mean well.

GREENIE
That's not enough! Botch is too far ahead, the slimy, rotten...

Some sparks fly from him, but he relapses into a weak cough.

FGM
Oh, Greenie. That's what losing your temper gets you.

GREENIE
No, that's what time and living in Din's got me, not that I mind. Ah, it's been a good life and challengin', but I don't think those two muggins could take it, love. No, me dear, they don't make heroes like they used to..

FGM
I know what ya mean.

SONG #7: Greenie and FGM launch into a duet in which Greenie extolls his brave youth and FGM delivers sarcastic rebuttals. They reminisce give-and-take about the good old days of style and flash, but conclude that maybe yesterday's not what it's cracked up to be.

FGM (cont.)
Greenie, it's been grand, but I gotta go. I'll catch your act later.

GREENIE
Don't wait too long, sweet cheeks. My act may be going on tour!

FGM
Bite your tongue. We'll meet again. Arrivederci!

GREENIE
Au reservoir.

POOF! She's gone.

103. INTERIOR SUPERGOOFER'S APARTMENT/GYM

Supergoofer has been watching his cape twirl in the dryer, his eyes are spinning, he's getting dizzy. Then a timer goes off. He grabs the cape and begins ironing with speedy starch, also spraying some behind his ears.

104. EXTERIOR THE SKY

Flora is still falling, still devising her grand entrance.

FLORA
How shall I hit the ground? Let me count the ways.

Clouds race by her at terrific speed. She looks down at the ground fast approaching.

FLORA (cont.)
Oh, if I weren't already I'd feel green.

105. INTERIOR SUPERGOOFER'S APARTMENT/GYM

Supergoofer, decked out in his cape, which is so starched it stands straight out behind him, opens the door and yells out into the blue.

SUPERGOOFER
Here I come, ready or not!

The Battle

106. EXTERIOR NO-MAN'S LAND

Ralph sits dejected, turning the pages of his book.

RALPH
Marmoset...Moose...Mountain Goat...Mouse...

He closes the book, depressed. Mum sits in the dust beside him.

RALPH (cont.)
Miracle...that's what we need.

POOF! The Fairy Godmother appears. Ralph and Mum leap to their feet.

RALPH (cont.)
FGM! We're in trouble. Everything we've done has backfired. We don't know what to do.

FGM
Everything you're saying describes the word "obvious."

Mum pulls his hat over his eyes in shame. Ralph looks at his feet.

FGM (cont.)
Want some advice? Do something else. Take up basket weaving, collect paperweights. Anything, but this.

RALPH
But we...

FGM
Butt out! You're a worrier. You go by the book. You got no style.

Mum steps forward with a scowl. He's angered by this insult to his friend.

FGM (cont.)
(to Mum)
And you! Just the opposite. Irresponsible. So very, very out to lunch, it makes me think you're out to dinner, too. Nothin' upstairs.

Mum raises his hat and checks. Ralph steps to his defense.

RALPH
No, he's not. And...and I'm not either! We've tried our best.

FGM
You've tried your best. Wash your mouth out with soap when you get home. You're fired.

RALPH
(incensed)
What??!

FGM
Apparently you're not deaf. That's it. You're fired. Take your plumber's manual, and get outa here. Goodbye. Farewell. Ta-ta. Toodle-oo.

POOF! She's gone.

RALPH
But...wait! You can't!!! Fired by a Fairy Godmother. This seems very humiliating!!

He throws his instruction book into the dust. Ralph and Mumford look at each other, then at the Murk in the distance.

RALPH (cont.)
We're <u>not</u> hopeless!!

Mum shakes his head, "no" with stern determination.

RALPH (cont.)
We <u>can</u> do it! Even if we are out-numbered. We're <u>heroes</u>.

Mum is nodding vigorously. The Fairy Godmother's wand reappears and bonks them both.

FGM (O.S.)
I'll believe it when I see it.

The wand dissolves.

RALPH
(indignant now)
Just watch our tracks!

They set off with steely determination toward the Murk accompanied by a "charge!" sounded on Mum's horn.

107. EXTERIOR NO-MAN'S LAND/MURK

Ralph and Mum are walking toward Murk.

RALPH
I guess we follow the filthy dirt road.

A No-Man's Land montage. A rocky, gray waste of dead trees, tin cans, bones. Emerging from a thicket, they freeze in their tracks. Across a 100-yard expanse looms the Murkworks, formidable and ugly.

RALPH (cont.)
(gulping)
It's bigger than I remembered...

Mum gulps too.

108. EXTERIOR MURKWORKS SENTRY-BOX.

A group of seven ratty, rib-showing sentry dogs of the SLEAZSTER type are stacked on top of one another. They perk up, one by one, bottom to top, as they sense our heroes' presence. Then they take off in a fury, eyes glinting, teeth bared. The largest Sleazster leads the pack.

Ralph and Mum are transfixed with fear. As the lead Sleazster is almost upon them...SPLAT!! Flora, falling from the sky flattens it, gouging a small, flower-shaped crater in the ground.

FLORA
Ooooooofffff!!!

Too late, Supergoofer comes sailing in, arms extended for the catch, just over the spot where Flora entered the earth. Surprised at her non-appearance, he's looking back over his shoulder, still flying.

SUPERGOOFER
(confused)
Flora?

BAM!! 1-2-3-4-5-6. He rams successively into each of the remaining dogs, accordion-ing them sideways. Climbing out of the crater, Flora Fauna is groggy.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
Sorry. A slight miscalculation...easily correctible, next time.

FLORA
(woozy)
Next time?

RALPH
Flora? Are we glad to see you! We're even glad to see Supergoofer. We need all the help we can get.

Mum plants a fat kiss on Supergoofer's cheek.

SUPERGOOFER
Hold it, buddy! I haven't rescued you yet!

RALPH
You couldn't have come at a better time. We're about to storm the Murk and earn our heroes' rewards.

SUPERGOOFER
I'm already a hero. I'd be glad to accept some rewards.

RALPH
Botch tricked us. He has the spring in there...and Greensleeves.

FLORA
Uncle Greenie...a prisoner?! We've got to rescue him!

SUPERGOOFER
Sure. I can do it alone!

RALPH
We've got to do it together.

SUPERGOOFER
(slighted)
I can do it with both hands tied behind me.

RALPH
I thought maybe we could find an unguarded spot somewhere and climb the wall or something...

SUPERGOOFER
(trying to take charge)
Relax, people. Here's the plan. You see, they'll be expecting me to come over the wall, so I'll go through the moat, under the radar.

FLORA
Supergoofer...

SUPERGOOFER
Mum, you be a bush...Ralph, you be a tree or something like that. Flora, you come with me ...stay close by my side.

FLORA
Please, wait. Supergoofer, I think we have another plan here.

SUPERGOOFER
Let's synchronize our wrists. Are we ready?

FLORA
Oh, no! Stop him!

SUPERGOOFER
Three, two, one...here we go!

Supergoofer takes a running leap into the moat and tries to swim across. The water is three inches deep. He churns up a lot of mud.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
I just washed this cape!

109. INTERIOR MURKWORKS WAR ROOM

It's a poor man's Pentagon war room. Botch is pushing little plastic bombs around on maps. He flits between this and a large plexiglass panel on which he grease-pencils overflight paths, ETAs, vector lines, sector numbers and other arcane symbols.

Ibor sits in front of him, showing slow, surveillance camera-pans of Din, stacked with bombs. Ratatooie chews contentedly on a scrap of coaxial cable. Botch sings a parody of a Cole Porter tune.

BOTCH
I'm the top! I'm the Prince of Sleaza!
I'm the top! I'm the Tower of Greaza!
Ha, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Scuzz enters with a giant stack of papers.

SCUZZ
Your degeneracy! I did it! It's finished!

BOTCH
What's finished?

SCUZZ
The Great Amurkian Novel. Here it is.

Botch is very clench-toothed controlled.

BOTCH
Give me that.

He takes the stack of paper and dumps it without ceremony into a wastebasket.

SCUZZ
That's great literature!

BOTCH
I'm approaching the apex of evil, the climax of my career and you want to play Dostoyevsky!

SCUZZ
But...

BOTCH
I need concepts by the gross, zingers by the hundred.

SCUZZ
But...

BOTCH
Short, pithy stuff.

SCUZZ
But...

BOTCH
Not this...

SCUZZ
But...

BOTCH
this...

SCUZZ
But...

BOTCH
drivel.

Crestfallen, Scuzz looks at the wastebasket.

SCUZZ
But that was my life's work.

BOTCH
Done on my time! Back to your tripewriter sneak!

Scuzz bows his head. He's beaten.

SCUZZ
I should have known...

He walks slowly out of the room. As he closes the door, he says:

SCUZZ (cont.)
It was great...just the same.

Botch moves to Ibor and punches a channel selector button. His own face comes up on Ibor's monitor.

BOTCH
Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the unfairest of them all?

An Amos 'n Andy clip replaces his image.

ANDY
Why, you is Kingfish.

BOTCH
I knew it! Now get me Rudy in the Royal Aviary.

Ibor changes channels and the Aviary appears. It is full of resting vultures. Without looking, Botch speaks.

BOTCH (cont.)
Listen, Rudy...I need to talk to you. This is the last bomb run. The big push. I don't want a single bomb left. Clean out the inventory and leave it all on the Rushers of Din.

The vultures smile and begin to spread their wings.

BOTCH (cont.)
Onward and upward! Destiny calls! Raise high the banner for tyranny!

110. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CASTLE BASEMENT

It is dark and damp and very quiet. A basement window creaks slowly open. Ralph sticks his head through it.

FLORA
(behind him)
Go on in. I know the way. No one ever goes down here.

He climbs through followed by Mum and Flora. Supergoofer sticks his head through the window.

SUPERGOOFER
Just lemme squeeze through this...

CRASH! His head and shoulders burst through the masonry wall.

OTHERS
Shhh!!! Quiet! For heaven's sake!

SUPERGOOFER
(whispering)
Sure is dirty in here. Touch anything, you'd have to wash your hands with oven cleaner.

Flora looks up. She screams.

FLORA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

In a swish pan to the ceiling, we see Scuzzbopper dangling by his neck. He has hung himself.

FLORA (cont.)
Oh, poor Scuzzie...

Scuzz opens one eye.

SCUZZ
(strangled)
Hi, Flora...it's been a bad day.

FLORA
Writer's block?

SCUZZ
Writer's Botch. He threw away my novel. My best work...three thousand seven hundred eighty one pages, single-spaced. I got a little depressed.

FLORA
That's awful.

SUPERGOOFER
(whispering)
Flora...

FLORA
You shouldn't let your feelings run away with you like that.

SCUZZ
It's a fault, I know. I'm an emotional person.

SUPERGOOFER
(whispering)
Excuse me, Flora...

FLORA
(she yells)
WHAT IS IT?!

SUPERGOOFER
(whispering)
Shall I get him down?

FLORA
(caught off-guard)
OH!! Yes, of course! Make it snappy.

Supergoofer reaches up and grabs the dangling feet, giving them a mighty yank. Scuzz stretches three times his normal height. He turns purple, his eyes bulge, and finally slips through the noose. Scuzz, the hunchback jester, stands upright for a change.

SCUZZ
Thanks. I needed that.

He now sounds like Orson Welles.

111. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CASTLE HALLWAY

The invading army now numbers five, and they move stealthily along, Scuzz leading the way.

SCUZZ
Be careful. There's going to be a few booby traps here, but we've got to get through them to reach The Big Red One.

They stop at an intersection.

RALPH
The Big Red One? What's that?

SCUZZ
The button.

RALPH
Button?

FLORA
Button?

SUPERGOOFER
Who's got the button?

SCUZZ
Botch. He's gonna set off all the night-mare bombs in Din. Boom!!

OTHERS
Shhhh...! Pipe down!

112. INTERIOR BOTCH'S BEDROOM

Botch is engrossed in a monster comic in the middle of a giant bed. Broken cookies and apple cores are littered all around it.

Ibor's tank treads hit the foot of his bed. Botch bounces into the air.

BOTCH
What?!

Ibor points to his own screen. It switches to Ralph, Mum, Flora and Supergoofer sneaking along a hallway.

BOTCH (cont.)
Arrgg!! The enemy is within?!

Scuzz appears in front of them on the tube.

RALPH
Why doesn't he just set off the bombs now?

SCUZZ
Hold it!

BOTCH
Ah! No problem. Scuzzie will foil them.

SCUZZ
Now, stay close to the other wall.

The small band follows his advice. Suddenly, the floor where they would have walked collapses in rubble.

BOTCH

Scuzzy? What are you doing? Are you out of your mind?

SCUZZ
He wants the poor slobs in Din to be awake for the nightmares. But if we can beat him to the punch, the old fart will blow a gasket. Pardon my French.

They split into two groups, going in opposite directions, down the cavernous hallways.

Botch is outraged.

BOTCH
Scuzz!!! You traitor! You turncoat! You--ingrate! This means war and I'm taking off the gloves, gang.

A scene from "Of Mice and Men" appears on Ibor's screen.

LON CHANEY, JR.
Uh...okay, George, whatever you say.

113. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CASTLE HALLWAY

Flora points to a flight of stairs.

FLORA
It's up there, the Black and Blue suite. Let's go.

She and Supergoofer tiptoe up the stairs. Flora knocks softly on a door.

FLORA (cont.)
Greenie? Uncle Greenie? Are you in there?

GREENIE (O.S.)
(through the door)
It ain't the Queen!

FLORA
Don't worry. We'll get you out!

She turns the handle. It's locked.

GREENIE (O.S.)
Botch has the key! The slimy toad!

SUPERGOOFER
No problem. Step to one side, Flora. I'll just...

BLAM!! He smacks his fist into the door and it flattens into the room.

114. INTERIOR BLACK AND BLUE SUITE

Supergoofer rushes in and stands on the door. The room is empty.

FLORA
Uncle Greenie, where are you?!

GREENIE (O.S.)
I'm under the door!

SUPERGOOFER
That's a stupid place to be! Let me open that for you.

He lifts the door. Greenie scowls.

GREENIE
Now, yer a right clumsy oaf, aren't ya?

Flora throws her arms around him.

FLORA
(overjoyed)
Greenie! Is it you? Is it really you?

GREENIE
Aye, darlin' 'tis. I wish it weren't, but 'tis.

She steps back to look at him.

FLORA
Uncle Greenie...you're short and bent...

GREENIE
I'm short and bent.

FLORA
What happened to the Uncle Greenie, the handsome, dashing hero?

GREENIE
He got short and bent, but he's glad to see you none the less. C'mere ya sweet little thing, ya.

They embrace and kiss. Greenie enjoys it.

SUPERGOOFER
I rescued him, Flora...uh, Flora?
(to himself)
Maybe I should get short and bent...

BLAM! Ibor's fist comes down on Supergoofer's head, driving him through the floor.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
Hey, that hurt! No fair.

Ibor's other arm shoots out and grabs Flora.

GREENIE
Put her down, ya hairy junkpile!

Greenie puffs out his chest and throws his hand out like a sorcerer, but he seems to short out some circuits in sparks.

GREENIE (cont.)
Ow! Ye Gods! I shocked meself!

He keeps trying, throwing out the other hand. Just as Supergoofer pops up through the floor, Greenie's powers connect, throwing a zap of electricity toward the approaching Ibor. Supergoofer, in the line of fire, receives the jolt.

GREENIE (cont.)
Ya bloomin' idiot!

SUPERGOOFER
(unfazed, to Greenie)
Good thing I'm wearing rubber underwear.

FLORA
May Day! May Day!

SUPERGOOFER
Uh-oh...she's in distress. I'll stop that brute.

Ibor's camera lens zeroes in on Supergoofer and his face appears on Ibor's screen. Supergoofer flashes his pearly whites.

SUPERGOOFER (cont.)
Hey, now there's a handsome devil.

BOP! Ibor smashes him through a wall. He's gone. Flora screams and begins pounding on Ibor's chest.

FLORA
You creep!

Greenie maneuvers behind Ibor and whacks him on the seat with his shillelagh. Ibor doesn't respond. Greenie keeps whacking.

GREENIE
Put her down! I'll teach ya not to trifle with Greensleeves or his kin!

Ibor calmly raises one arm forward and lets it fall back behind him, knocking Greenie across the room.

He's hearing birds and seeing stars as Ibor continues out the door with Flora. A Columbia School of Acting commercial appears on his set.

ANNOUNCER
Want to be part of the exciting world of acting?

FLORA
Put me down, you filthy hairball!!

ANNOUNCER
Rub shoulders with the stars?

FLORA
Shut up, you overgrown gorilla!!

As they exit, Greenie comes to and picks himself up.

GREENIE
(muttering to himself)
Holy molars. I'm gonna need some help.

Greenie hobbles out the door.

115. INTERIOR ANOTHER CASTLE HALLWAY

Botch moves hurriedly along, his tattered cloak flowing behind him. Scuzz, Ralph and Mum enter going slowly in the same direction.

SCUZZ
Careful. Traps everywhere. If you touch that rock...

Mum touches it. A giant buzz saw slices through the wall, narrowly missing them as they walk.

RALPH
Don't do that!

SCUZZ
Or just breathe on that one...

Mum sighs. A huge shoe descends from the ceiling filling the hall. When it lifts, we see the heroes made it by being in the arch. They advance.

SCUZZ (cont.)
And our mere presence in this room will...

Fifty giant knives fly down the length of the hall, followed by a snarling dog the size of a car. A pistol the size of a cannon erupts from the wall and fires in rapid succession.

SCUZZ (cont.)
Okay, now it gets dangerous.

116. INTERIOR MURKWORKS AVIARY

Botch sits beside Rudy on a perch, his little feet dangle over it. He has his arm stretched up and around Rudy's oily shoulders. The tone is intimate, conspiritorial.

BOTCH
Rudy, Rudy, Rudy, we've been together a long time. And now, I ask you one thing, Rudy, just this one last thing...Rudy, the spring. It's up to you, you're the only one I can trust. You can do it. It's in your power. Rudy, I need you! Rudy, Rudy, Rudy.

Rudy smiles hollowly, like a snake. He rises slowly and then takes wing.

BOTCH (cont.)
He's a peach. A real peach.

117. INTERIOR ANOTHER CASTLE HALLWAY

Leaving the commotion, Greenie shuffles along as fast as he can. He stops, seeming to listen for something. He pulls a small whistle from the folds of his clothes and blows it quietly. He cocks an ear, smiles and then hurries on.

118. EXTERIOR MURKWORKS

Amid the bomb-carrying vultures, rising from the blackness of the Aviary, is Rudy. As he flies closer, we see the spring held tightly in his bony talons like a helpless mouse.

It is tied up with many ropes and chains, its boundless energy wrapped tight, its comic antics stilled. Rudy sweeps by with a smile on his face.

119. INTERIOR A CASTLE DOOR

Greenie stands in front of a door with his ear against it.

GREENIE
Are ya all right?

High-pitched giggles answer.

GREENIE (cont.)
Good lads!

He struggles to lift the heavy bar on the door and then pushes it open. Thousands of little bouncing, giggling fig-shaped beings cascade through the doorway filling the screen.

GREENIE (cont.)
Ah, me dear Figs! Come to Greenie!

They swarm and bounce around him, obviously overjoyed to see him again.

120. EXTERIOR DIN

Bombs are everywhere and the sky is black with vultures. Rudy winds his way through them, spring in claw, headed for the clock.

121. EXTERIOR MURKWORKS WAR ROOM DOOR

It's clearly marked: "DO NOT ENTER ON PERIL OF LIFE."

SCUZZ
That's it.

Ralph gulps. He looks at Mum. Mum puffs out his chest.

RALPH
Right. Here goes nothin'.

122. INTERIOR WAR ROOM

They throw the door open. A shaft of light travels across the room to Botch's back. He whirls, surprised.

RALPH
Hold it, Botch!

BOTCH
Ratty, get 'em!!

Ratatooie snarls like a pit bull and leaps at them, jaws agape while Botch sneaks out by way of a secret panel in a bookcase.

Scuzz pulls a marbelized bowling ball out from behind him and thrusts it in the animal's face. Ratty is smitten. Little hearts form over his head. It's true love.

Ralph and Mum do an "Abott and Costello" twirling bookcase routine, while Scuzz winds up and pitches the ball out the door. Ratatooie takes off after it. Scuzz turns as Ralph and Mum both disappear behind the bookcase.

SCUZZ
Don't go in there alone!!!...Oh, no!!

He runs out the other door.

123. INTERIOR ANOTHER CASTLE HALLWAY

Flora and Supergoofer come to a stop at two intersecting passages. They start to run again. Ibor appears at the end of the hall, filling the passage.

They turn to another hall. He appears there. He appears at the end of the hall no matter which way they turn.

SUPERGOOFER
He moves well for a big man.

Clips from several old adventure series appear on Ibor's screen each saying:

IBOR
We've got you surrounded.

His arm shoots out and grabs Flora.

SUPERGOOFER
Now, hold on! You've got my sweetheart there, and I want her back.

A clip from the Jolly Green Giant commercial comes on.

GREEN GIANT
Ho, ho, ho.

SUPERGOOFER
Ho, ho, ho yourself, buster. Hand her over.

BOP! Ibor smacks Supergoofer through another wall. Supergoofer comes back again. Art Baker appears.

ART BAKER
You Asked For It!

BASH!! He punches Supergoofer, knocking him down the hallway.

FLORA
You like to torture, don't you?!

A clip from The Raven comes on Ibor.

BELA LUGOSI
I love to torture!

124. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CASTLE

With hearts in his eyes, Ratatooie is chasing the bowling ball as it bounces down a flight of stairs, across a hall, through a room and directly out a window. They fall together, like lovers off a cliff, into the moat.

125. INTERIOR MURKWORKS SECRET STAIRCASE

Botch runs up the stairs in full flight, with Ralph and Mum right behind him. Each stair step in their path falls away, smashes to the ceiling, or turns into razor blades, but they make it.

Botch stops in front of the door at the top of the stairs. He spreads his arms out, blocking it. Ralph and Mum slow and stop several steps below him.

BOTCH
(breathing hard)
So...the Helpless Animal and Dumbford...
we meet again.

RALPH
(also out of breath)
So we do. Out of the way, Botch! You'll
see how helpless and dumb we are!

In his agitation Ralph roars like a bear and his face becomes bearlike.

BOTCH
Oh? You going to become a bear?

He pulls a bear trap out of his coat. Ralph trumpets like an elephant ready for the charge.

BOTCH (cont.)
An elephant? Come on...!

He pulls out an elephant gun.

BOTCH (cont.)
I've prepared an all-purpose arsenal for you, All-Purpose Nothing.

Botch fires and misses, then slips through the door and slams it shut. Ralph paws then charges through, shattering the heavy wood.

126. EXTERIOR STREET IN DIN

Rudy flies toward the pawn shop.

127. INTERIOR MURKWORKS CONTROL ROOM

It is a large, round room with a very high ceiling. A set of stairs lead to The Big Red One, mounted on a raised platform in the center of the room. Botch is guarding it with his arsenal of medieval weaponry. Mum and Ralph glance at each other, amazed at Ralph's controlled powers.

BOTCH
Come on, make a move. What'll it be? A tiger? Ha, ha.

Botch pulls a cat-o-nine-tails out of the arsenal and twirls it menacingly, then cracks the whip at Ralph.

RALPH
No, Botch. Now it's just me, with no more changes, and Mumford, and you.

Ralph begins to walk directly toward Botch; Mum circles behind. Botch backs up a step toward the button platform. He grabs a Morning Star with his free hand.

BOTCH
Come and get it!

128. INTERIOR PAWN SHOP IN DIN

Rudy glides toward the clock. The spring fights against its bonds.

129. INTERIOR THE CONTROL ROOM

Warily, Ralph advances while Mumford sneaks around behind Botch.

As Botch begins swinging, Ralph suddenly becomes a whirlwind of activity. He doesn't transform, but for the first time he makes the most of what he has. All four legs and both wings go into high gear.

As Botch pulls out harpoons, cross-bows, etc., from his arsenal mound, Ralph runs, flies, kicks and throws anything he can at Botch. The return fire keeps missing him because his head, body and limbs never stay in one place or in one arrangement. It is a tour de force. Botch, outclassed and outmaneuvered, drops his weapon and runs toward the platform stairs.

130. INTERIOR PAWN SHOP IN DIN

Rudy opens the clock's face.

131. INTERIOR THE CONTROL ROOM

Mum trips Botch and he falls over the first step. Ralph tries to run by him up the stairs, but Botch grabs his foot. Mum is biting Botch's leg, but Botch finally kicks him away.

It's a terrible scramble until they make it to the top of the stairs and Botch, by sheer weight, blocks access to the button.

132. INTERIOR THE CLOCK

Rudy fights to force the spring into the clock.

133. INTERIOR THE CONTROL ROOM

Botch, with arms spread wide, holds off Ralph.

BOTCH
Stay back!

RALPH
It's all over, Botch. There's one nightmare left, and it's all for you.

Botch gasps as Ralph points to a big bomb sitting precariously on a shelf high above them. A bedraggled rat is nosing around the bomb, nudging it closer to the edge.

BOTCH
Rudy! You blunderer! I gave you specific instructions!

RALPH
We can take it. Can you?

BOTCH
No! Never! It's too much to bear!

He backs away as the rat shoves the bomb so that it teeters menacingly on the shelf edge. Ralph, taking advantage of the distraction, leaps up and delivers a karate kick to Botch's belly. He goes sailing across the platform , landing with a great thud on The Big Red One.

A low rumbling is heard growing more thunderous. The Murkworks shakes and plaster falls. Botch, caught up in his own terrible vision of a nightmare experience, goes into a psychosomatic fit.

BOTCH (cont.)
(hallucinating)
No! No! I want my blankey! I want my nightlight! I want my mama! Aaaaiiiii!!

Suddenly, the black bomb hits the floor right next to Ralph!

But, instead of a huge explosion, the bomb miraculously unfolds into a trim man in a black suit with a red heart on his chest!

RALPH
Good work, Mumford!

Botch is still wildly thrashing around on the floor in his imaginary nightmare. The heroes watch him for a minute, shrug and exit.

134. EXTERIOR DIN

Nightmare bombs explode right and left, engulfing the vultures in acrid smoke. It fills the air, but time has not started. Rudy drops the spring and bashes into a wall. Only the vultures are awake to experience the nightmares. They thrash around in the air. Feathers fall like black snow.

135. EXTERIOR MURKWORKS

The heroic crew, except for Greenie and the Figs, stand in front of the rubble from the partially collapsed Murkworks. Only the castle remains intact.

Ralph and Mumford are taking their leave from Flora, Supergoofer and Scuzz.

FLORA
"Parting is such sweet sorrow." I will always remember all of you for saving my Uncle Greenie. You are all heroes to the core.

She kisses them each on the forehead. Mum's winged heart elevates him a few feet off the ground and Ralph blushes. Supergoofer gets in line for his kiss, but Flora ignores him.

SUPERGOOFER
Uh, Flora? I'm here too, you know.

FLORA

You're too tall to kiss.

SUPERGOOFER
No problem!

FLORA
Well, okay, why not? Ready?

He puckers up and she gives him a peck on the cheek.

SUPERGOOFER
(with a dazed grin)
Wow, oooooo, wow! Oh boy! That was worth the wait. Now I can get my operator's license.

Scuzz steps forward.

SCUZZ
Ahem! Ahem!

Flora gives Scuzz a peck on the cheek. Then Mum moves to the front of the line again, but Ralph pulls him back.

RALPH
Mum, come on now. We've got to go help Greenie with the spring. Bye everybody!

A chorus of farewells rings out as the heroes depart for Din.

FLORA
Goodbye! Be happy! Be fruitful! Be, uh, let's see...be...oh well.

SCUZZ
Have they gone yet?

SUPERGOOFER
Bye! Don't forget to come to our wedding!

Homecoming

136. EXTERIOR DIN

FADE IN:

The billowing clouds of yellow and green gases are now little piles of debris. A slow zoom out reveals we are back in Din and hundreds of Figs are sweeping up the residue of the nightmare bombs.

The Rushers of Din have been blissfully unaware of all this. They sit and stand, look and lean in the same way they have since the spring bounced free of the clock.

Walking past the shoes of one of these creatures, we find our heroes and Greenie--all safe and sound. They tour the battleground throughout their talk.

RALPH
I don't think we'll ever want to go through this again.

Mum emphasizes his point with a "raspberries" noise.

GREENIE
Ah, you'd be surprised what a body can take. Nightmares and worse. Observe ye the Figs! Happy as larks, sweepin' up that smelly crap.

RALPH
What are they anyway? Where do they come from?

GREENIE
Why, they're Figmens of the Imagination! Wonderful little creatures. I'll miss 'em sorely.

RALPH
What do you mean? They aren't going anywhere, are they?

GREENIE
No, but I am. I'm takin' me leave, boyos. Never to return.

RALPH
(turning to Mum)
What's he talking about?

Mumford shrugs.

GREENIE
(a weak cough)
Kicking the bucket, curtains, punchin' me clock, cashing in me chips. That's what yer in for if ya choose to stay here. That's the price a' leavin' safe and silly Frivoli--I got no regrets.

RALPH
But if we could keep the spring out of the clock, would you go?

GREENIE
Ah, I don't care to be immortal, it's borin', ya know. Thank ya just the same.

The heroes are speechless. Greenie pulls out two silver whistles from his great coat and offers them to his friends.

GREENIE (cont.)
One last thing. These are for callin' the Figs. Only way to get dreams delivered. Do ya want the job, Lads, and all that comes with it?

RALPH
Us?

GREENIE
Do your thing, spring-o, me friend! I'm ready as I'll ever be!

As Mum and Ralph stare at the two gleaming whistles, a scrap of paper on the sidewalk begins to lift ever so slowly in some invisible breeze.

From the safety beneath a mailbox, all three look up to see that the Rushers of Din are, indeed, coming back to life. The spring <u>has</u> gone back home.

The effect is immediate on Greenie. He sinks to the sidewalk. They rush to him. He gives one last cough.

RALPH
Greenie, don't go!!

GREENIE
(a weak whisper)
Take care a' me Figs...and...

With a great sigh, his eyes close.

RALPH
And what?! And what?!!

He sits up suddenly.

GREENIE
(a full-blast fit)
AND TAKE THE BLEEDIN' WHISTLES, YA GORMLESS TWITS!!!

They take the whistles from his outstretched hands. He falls back and dies a happy man. He slowly dissolves into sparkles that fade away.

Huge feet are moving all around them. The heroes exchange looks, then try out the whistles together.

As the sound of the whistles fade, Mum and Ralph start to become transparent. Figs arrive, giggling and bouncing, but, they, too, are becoming more and more transparent.

RALPH
Mum, you're fading away!
(a worried beat)
Uh-oh...am I?

Mum honks.

RALPH (cont.)
Well, it doesn't seem to hurt...

The Fairy Godmother's wand appears.

FGM (O.S.)
No sweat. You'll get used to it.

RALPH (O.S.)
FGM! Am I glad to see...uh, hear...

FGM (O.S.)
By the by, you guys did really good. Congrats on that.

RALPH (O.S.)
Oh, I just remembered we have a dime left.

FGM (O.S.)
Isn't that honest, but keep it--you'll need it.

RALPH (O.S.)
We will?

FGM's voice becomes lost in the growing noise around them. We pull away into that commotion and craziness, seeing it with new eyes.

Some of the Rusher's see themselves a little differently, too. Mumford's practical jokes are finally paying off.

The Rushers of Din find things in very odd places--moustaches where they shouldn't be, upside-down name plates, inside-out clothing. Not all of them laugh, but those who do, start a certain kind of air moving again. We pan with that movement until we come to a windmill.

137. EXTERIOR FIELDS OF FRIVOLI

As it begins to turn again, water flows into the fields. Immediately, a green revival begins moving over the acreage.

FGM (O.S.)
Ah, that's more like it! So, Frivoli continues to dream on. But, the Murk became a class act with a new producer.

138. INTERIOR MURKWORKS

A wave of her wand changes the background to the Murkworks--but it is barely recognizable. We take a visual tour to illustrate her epilogue.

A closer shot reveals a new sign, "The Murkian Repertory Company." Flora stands mid-stage. She has a clipboard and wears dark glasses. Supergoofer staggers in loaded down with lumber.

FGM (O.S.) (cont.)
She got herself a willing stagehand...

Mr. Rescue Person is now nailing up sets. He hits his thumb.

SUPERGOOFER
Ow! Gosh, golly that smarts!

FGM (O.S.)
...a promising young playwright...

Scuzzbopper enters with a notebook, meeting Flora on stage.

SCUZZ
F.F.! Wait till you read this! Move over, Chekov!

FLORA
(thumbing through it)
Hmmmmm...does it have a feminine lead?

139. INTERIOR ANOTHER PART OF THE MURKWORKS

Another FGM wand-wipe brings us to the Lower Depths--of the castle, that is. Panning along old cell doors, we come to Botch and Ratatooie looking at Ibor's screen through a barred window. It's a BBC production of "Oedipus Rex."

FGM (O.S.)
...and, being a charitable type, Flora found work for everyone.

BOTCH
We're supposed to get ideas from this? They call this enlightenment? Blech! How can they allow this stuff on television? What I wouldn't give for a rerun of "The Fly," or "Tarantula," something with spirit and entertainment value. This stuff is making me sick!

Ratatooie tries to nibble on the bars, but he wears a padlocked muzzle now. His whimper is heart-rending to Botch.

140. EXTERIOR DIN

A last wave of her wand, and FGM brings us back to Din, up to speed, business as usual.

FGM (O.S.)
So, we leave you in what we'll still call, for the sake of argument, "reality." But step carefully. There's more out there than meets the eye. And if, after all this, you give a Fig, just put a whistle to your lips and blow. Toodle-oo.

POOF! Her wand disappears. The "real world" passes before us as the end credits roll. Whether you hear giggles here and there depends on your imagination.